

SELECTIONS
FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE

VOL. II

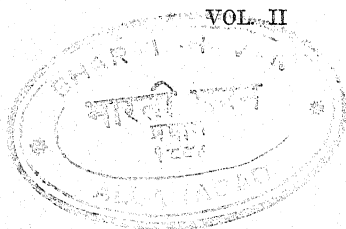
SELECTIONS
FROM
ENGLISH LITERATURE

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS IN INDIA

EDITED BY

CECIL M. BARROW, M.A.

PRINCIPAL, VICTORIA COLLEGE, PALGHAT; FELLOW OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MADRAS



MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
LONDON, BOMBAY AND CALCUTTA

1903

All rights reserved

GLASGOW: PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO.

PREFACE.

THE Selections in this volume have been primarily made for the use of senior students in Upper Secondary Schools in India. The Compiler has paid close attention to the requirements of the Sixth Forms of Indian Schools, both as to the amount of text usually required to be brought up, and the standard of English demanded. The PROSE portion of the book contains six selections from such well-known authors and books as Lamb's *Tales from Shakspeare*, Hughes' *Tom Brown's School-Days*, Yonge's *Little Duke* and *The Book of Golden Deeds*, and Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*. The names of the authors are in themselves a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the English and of the high moral tone of the selections. The selections are such too, as, in the opinion of the Compiler, will enable those who study them carefully to improve their knowledge of English as a language, and to lay a good foundation for further studies in English Literature. The foregoing remarks apply with equal force to the six selections in English POETRY contained in this volume.

C. M. B.

MADRAS,
October, 1902.

CONTENTS.

PROSE.

	PAGE
1. LAMB <i>The Merchant of Venice</i> - - -	1
2. HUGHES <i>The School Cricket Match</i> - - -	16
3. CHAMBERS <i>The Story of Colbert</i> - - -	40
4. YONGE <i>The Little Duke</i> - - -	61
5. „ <i>Keys of Calais</i> - - -	80
6. EDGEWORTH <i>Murad the Unlucky</i> - - -	93

POETRY.

7. SHAKESPEARE <i>Julius Caesar, Act III., Scene II.</i> -	136
8. GAY <i>The Jugglers</i> - - -	146
9. GOLDSMITH <i>The Traveller</i> - - -	149
10. SCOTT <i>Bannockburn</i> - - -	163
11. MACAULAY <i>The Armada</i> - - -	182
12. ARNOLD <i>Poor Matthias</i> - - -	186

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHYLOCK, the Jew, lived at Venice: he was an usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous 10 merchant Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange), he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies; indeed, he was one in whom the ancient Roman honour more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was 20 Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted

him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate; and that in her father's lifetime he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say
10 he would be no unwelcome suitor; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favours he had shown him by lending him three thousand ducats.

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

20 Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this Shylock thought within himself, 'If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him; he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis; and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!' Antonio finding he was musing within himself and
30 did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, 'Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?' To this question the Jew replied, 'Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often you have railed at me about

my monies and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot, as if I was a cur. Well then, it now appears you need my help; and you come to me, and say, *Shylock, lend me monies*. Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spit upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these 10 courtesies I am to lend you monies.' Antonio replied, 'I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that, if I break, you may with better face exact the penalty.'—'Why, look you,' said Shylock, 'how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money.' This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and 20 then Shylock, still pretending kindness, and that all he did was to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond, that if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

'Content,' said Antonio: 'I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew.'

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a bond 30 for him; but still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that, before the day of payment came, his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed, 'O, father Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break his day, what should I gain by the exaction of the forfeiture? A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, as the flesh of mutton or of beef. I say, to buy his favour I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so; if not, adieu.'

- 10 At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont: her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter and the wife of Brutus.

- 20 Bassanio being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio, at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano.

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept of him for a husband.

- Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry was all that he could boast of; she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband,
30 answered with a graceful modesty, that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him; and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was

an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said, 'Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants; and now this house, these servants, and myself, are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring,'—presenting a ring to Bassanio.

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder 10 at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honoured him, by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness; and taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time. 20

'With all my heart, Gratiano,' said Bassanio, 'if you can get a wife.'

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia's fair waiting gentlewoman, Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, 'Madam, it is so, if you approve of it.' Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, 'Then our wedding-feast shall be much honoured by your marriage, Gratiano.'

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this 30 moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it was to

tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, 'O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper: gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt.' Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day: and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter; the words of which were, '*Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*' 'O, my dear love,' said Portia, 'despatch all business, and begone; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty
10 times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you.' Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted
20 upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the Duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheer-

ingly to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend; and, notwithstanding when she wished to honour her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wife-like grace, that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honoured 10 husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law; to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also 20 everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and, setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying, he would have come himself to plead 30 for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead.

This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew ; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded
 10 in the duty she had undertaken to perform : and first of all she addressed herself to Shylock ; and, allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy*, as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's ; saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath ; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it ; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself ; and that earthly
 20 power came nearest to God's, in proportion as mercy tempered justice ; and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. ' Is he not able to pay the money ? ' asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire ; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endea-
 30 vour to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered, that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was plead-

ing in his favour, and he said, 'A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honour you! How much elder are you than your looks?'

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond; and when she had read it, she said, 'This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart.' Then she said to Shylock, 'Be merciful: take the money, and bid me tear the bond.' But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show; and he said, 'By my soul I swear, there is no power in 10 the tongue of man to alter me.'—'Why then, Antonio,' said Portia, 'you must prepare your bosom for the knife:' and while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, 'Have you anything to say?' Antonio with a calm resignation replied, that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio, 'Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I have fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honourable wife, and tell her how I 20 have loved you!' Bassanio in the deepest affliction replied, 'Antonio, I am married to a wife, who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you.'

Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering, 'Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this 30 offer.' And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's, and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her

clerk's dress by the side of Portia, 'I have a wife, whom I protest I love ; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew.' 'It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house,' said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, 'We trifle time ; I pray pronounce the sentence.' And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh ;
 10 and she said to the Jew, 'Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death.' Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, 'It is not so named in the bond.' Portia replied, 'It is not so named in the bond, but what of that ? It were good you did so much for charity.' To this all the answer Shylock would make was, 'I cannot find it ; it is not in the bond.' 'Then,' said Portia, 'a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and
 20 the court awards it.' Again Shylock exclaimed, 'O wise and upright judge ! A Daniel is come to judgment !' And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, 'Come, prepare !'

'Tarry a little, Jew,' said Portia ; 'there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood ; the words expressly are, "a pound of flesh." If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your lands and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the state of Venice.' Now as it was utterly impossible for
 30 Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio ; and all admiring the wonderful

sagacity of the young counsellor, who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the senate-house ; and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, 'O wise and upright judge ! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment !'

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look, that he would take the money ; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out, 'Here is the money !' But Portia stopped him, saying, 'Softly ; there is no haste ; the 10 Jew shall have nothing but the penalty : therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh ; but mind you shed no blood : nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound ; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate.' 'Give me my money, and let me go,' said Shylock. 'I have it ready,' said Bassanio : 'here it is.'

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, 'Tarry, Jew ; I have yet another hold 20 upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state, for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke ; therefore, down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you.'

The duke then said to Shylock, 'That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it ; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state.'

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed 30 to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband ; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter who had lately been married against his consent to a young

Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock, that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this : and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said, 'I am ill. Let me go home ; send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter.'—'Get thee gone, then,' said the duke, 'and sign it ; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches.'

- 10 The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, 'I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly.' The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him ; and turning to Antonio, he added, 'Reward this gentleman ; for in my mind you are much indebted to him.'

- The duke and his senators left the court ; and then Bassanio said to Portia, 'Most worthy gentleman, I and
20 my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew.' 'And we shall stand indebted to you over and above,' said Antonio, 'in love and service evermore.'

- Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money ; but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said, 'Give me your gloves ; I will wear them for your sake ;' and then Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his
30 finger : now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves ; and she said, when she saw the ring, 'and for your love I will take this

ring from you.' Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion, that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying, 'You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered.'

'Dear Bassanio,' said Antonio, 'let him have the ring; 10 let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure.' Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring; and then the clerk Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies to think, when they got home, how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman. 20

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, 'That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world;' and hearing the sound of music 30 from her house, she said, 'Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day.'

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dress-

ing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio; and Bassanio, presenting his dear friend to the lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room. 'A quarrel already?' said Portia. 'What is the matter?' Gratiano replied, 'Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife;

10 *Love me, and leave me not.'*

'What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?' said Nerissa. 'You swore to me when I gave it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman.'—'By this hand,' replied Gratiano, 'I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, no higher than yourself; he was clerk to the young counsellor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life: this prating boy begged for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him.'

20 Portia said, 'You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave my lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world.' Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said, 'My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring.'

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said, Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to
30 have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness, 'No, by my honour, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which when I denied him, he

went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? - was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude, that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor.'

'Ah!' said Antonio, 'I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels.'

Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding; and then Antonio said, 'I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake; and but for him to 10 whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more break his faith with you.'—'Then you shall be his surety,' said Portia; 'give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other.'

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it was the same he gave away; and then Portia told him how she was the young counsellor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the double courage 20 and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbour. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives: Gratiano merrily swearing, in a sort of rhyming 30 speech, that

—while he lived, he'd fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

MARY LAMB.

THE CRICKET MATCH.

THE curtain now rises upon the last act of our little drama—for hard-hearted publishers warn me that a single volume must of necessity have an end. Well, well! the pleasantest things must come to an end. I little thought last long vacation, when I began these pages to help while away some spare time at a watering-place, how vividly many an old scene, which had lain hid away for years in some dusty old corner of my brain, would come back again, and stand before me as clear and bright as if it had happened
10 yesterday. The book has been a most grateful task to me, and I only hope that all you, my dear young friends who read it, (friends assuredly you must be, if you get as far as this,) will be half as sorry to come to the last stage as I am.

Not but what there has been a solemn and a sad side to it. As the old scenes became living, and the actors in them became living too, many a grave in the Crimea and distant India, as well as in the quiet churchyards of our dear old country, seemed to open and send forth their
20 dead, and their voices and looks and ways were again in one's ears and eyes, as in the old School-days. But this was not sad; how should it be, if we believe as our Lord has taught us? How should it be, when one more turn of the wheel, and we shall be by their sides again, learning

from them again, perhaps, as we did when we were new boys?

Then there were others of the old faces so dear to us once, who had somehow or another just gone clean out of sight—are they dead or living? We know not, but the thought of them brings no sadness with it. Wherever they are, we can well believe they are doing God's work and getting His wages.

But are there not some, whom we still see sometimes in the streets, whose haunts and homes we know, whom we 10 could probably find almost any day in the week if we were set to do it, yet from whom we are really farther than we are from the dead, and from those who have gone out of our ken? Yes, there are and must be such; and therein lies the sadness of old School memories. Yet of these our old comrades, from whom more than time and space separate us, there are some, by whose sides we can feel sure that we shall stand again when time shall be no more. We may think of one another now as dangerous fanatics or narrow bigots, with whom no truce is possible, from 20 whom we shall only sever more and more to the end of our lives, whom it would be our respective duties to imprison or hang, if we had the power. We must go our way, and they theirs, as long as flesh and spirit hold together: but let our own Rugby poet speak words of healing for this trial:—

'To veer how vain! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks! In light, in darkness too;
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

30

'But, O blithe breeze; and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

'One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they far,—
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !'¹

This is not mere longing, it is prophecy. So over these too, our old friends who are friends no more, we sorrow not as men without hope. It is only for those who seem to us to have lost compass and purpose, and to be driven helplessly on rocks and quicksands ; whose lives are spent
 10 in the service of the world, the flesh, and the devil ; for self alone, and not for their fellow-men, their country, or their God, that we must mourn and pray without sure hope and without light ; trusting only that He, in whose hands they as well as we are, who has died for them as well as for us, who sees all His creatures

'With larger other eyes than ours,
 To make allowance for us all,'²

will, in His own way and at His own time, lead them also home.

* * * * *

20 Another two years have passed, and it is again the end of the summer half-year at Rugby ; in fact, the School has broken up. The fifth-form examinations were over last week, and upon them have followed the Speeches, and the sixth-form examinations for exhibitions ; and they too are over now. The boys have gone to all the winds of heaven, except the town boys and the eleven, and the few enthusiasts besides, who have asked leave to stay in their houses to see the result of the cricket matches. For this year the Wellesburn return match and the Marylebone
 30 match are played at Rugby, to the great delight of the town and neighbourhood, and the sorrow of those aspiring

¹ CLOUGH, *Early Poems*, 'Qua Cursum Ventus.'

² *In Memoriam*, Section 51.

young cricketers who have been reckoning for the last three months on showing off at Lords' ground.

The Doctor started for the Lakes yesterday morning, after an interview with the Captain of the eleven, in the presence of Thomas, at which he arranged in what School the cricket dinners were to be, and all other matters necessary for the satisfactory carrying out of the festivities; and warned them as to keeping all spirituous liquors out of the close, and having the gates closed by nine o'clock.

The Wellesburn match was played out with great success 10 yesterday, the School winning by three wickets; and to-day the great event of the cricketing year, the Marylebone match, is being played. What a match it has been! The London eleven came down by an afternoon train yesterday, in time to see the end of the Wellesburn match; and as soon as it was over, their leading men and umpire inspected the ground, criticising it rather unmercifully. The Captain of the School eleven, and one or two others, who had played the Lords' match before, and knew old Mr. Aislabie and several of the Lords' men, accompanied 20 them: while the rest of the eleven looked on from under the Three Trees with admiring eyes, and asked one another the names of the illustrious strangers, and recounted how many runs each of them had made in the late matches in Bell's Life. They looked such hard-bitten, wiry, whiskered fellows, that their young adversaries felt rather desponding as to the result of the morrow's match. The ground was at last chosen, and two men set to work upon it to water and roll; and then, there being yet some half-hour of daylight, some one had suggested a dance on the 30 turf. The close was half full of citizens and their families, and the idea was hailed with enthusiasm. The corneopæan-player was still on the ground; in five minutes the eleven

and half-a-dozen of the Wellesburn and Marylebone men got partners somehow or another, and a merry country-dance was going on, to which every one flocked, and new couples joined in every minute, till there were a hundred of them going down the middle and up again—and the long line of School buildings looked gravely down on them, every window glowing with the last rays of the western sun, and the rooks clanged about in the tops of the old elms, greatly excited, and resolved on having their country-dance too, and the great flag flapped lazily in the gentle western breeze. Altogether it was a sight which would have made glad the heart of our brave old founder, Lawrence Sheriff, if he were half as good a fellow as I take him to have been. It was a cheerful sight to see; but what made it so valuable in the sight of the Captain of the School eleven was, that he there saw his young hands shaking off their shyness and awe of the Lords' men, as they crossed hands and capered about on the grass together; for the strangers entered into it all, and threw
 10 away their cigars, and danced and shouted like boys; while old Mr. Aislabie stood by looking on in his white hat, leaning on a bat, in benevolent enjoyment. 'This hop will be worth thirty runs to us to-morrow, and will be the making of Raggles and Johnson,' thinks the young leader, as he revolves many things in his mind, standing by the side of Mr. Aislabie, whom he will not leave for a minute, for he feels that the character of the School for courtesy is resting on his shoulders.

But when a quarter 'to nine struck, and he saw old
 30 Thomas beginning to fidget about with the keys in his hand, he thought of the Doctor's parting monition, and stopped the cornopean at once, notwithstanding the loud-voiced remonstrances from all sides; and the crowd

scattered away from the close, the eleven all going into the School-house, where supper and beds were provided for them by the Doctor's orders.

Deep had been the consultations at supper as to the order of going in, who should bowl the first over, whether it would be best to play steady or freely; and the youngest hands declared that they shouldn't be a bit nervous, and praised their opponents as the jolliest fellows in the world, except perhaps their old friends the Wellesburn 'men. How far a little good-nature from their elders will go 10 with the right sort of boys!

The morning had dawned bright and warm, to the intense relief of many an anxious youngster, up betimes to mark the signs of the weather. The eleven went down in a body before breakfast, for a plunge in the cold bath in the corner of the close. The ground was in splendid order, and soon after ten o'clock, before the spectators had arrived, all was ready, and two of the Lords' men took their places at the wicket; the School, with the usual liberality of young hands, having put their adversaries in 20 first. Old Bailey stepped up to the wicket, and called play, and the match had begun.

* * * * *

'Oh, well bowled! well bowled, Johnson!' cries the Captain, catching up the ball and sending it high above the rook trees, while the third Marylebone man walks away from the wicket, and Old Bailey gravely sets up the middle stump again and puts the bails on.

'How many runs?' Away scamper three boys to the scoring-table, and are back again in a minute amongst the rest of the eleven, who are collected together in a knot 30 between wicket. 'Only eighteen runs, and three wickets down!' 'Huzza for old Rugby!' sings out Jack Raggles,

the long-stop, toughest and burliest of boys, commonly called 'Swiper Jack;' and forthwith stands on his head, and brandishes his legs in the air in triumph, till the next boy catches hold of his heels, and throws him over on to his back.

'Steady there, don't be such an ass, Jack,' says the Captain; 'we haven't got the best wicket yet. Ah, look out now at cover-point,' adds he, as he sees a long-armed, bare-headed, slashing-looking player coming to the wicket.

10 'And, Jack, mind your hits; he steals more runs than any man in England.'

And they all find that they have their work to do now; the new-comer's off-hitting is tremendous, and his running like a flash of lightning. He is never in his ground, except when his wicket is down. Nothing in the whole game is so trying to boys; he has stolen three byes in the first ten minutes, and Jack Raggles is furious, and begins throwing over savagely to the further wicket, until he is sternly stopped by the Captain. It is all that young gentleman

20 can do to keep his team steady, but he knows that everything depends on it, and faces his work bravely. The score creeps up to fifty, the boys begin to look blank, and the spectators, who are now mustering strong, are very silent. The ball flies off his bat to all parts of the field, and he gives no rest and no catches to any one. But cricket is full of glorious chances, and the goddess who presides over it loves to bring down the most skilful players. Johnson the young bowler is getting wild, and bowls a ball almost wide to the off; the batter steps out

30 and cuts it beautifully to where cover-point is standing very deep, in fact almost off the ground. The ball comes skimming and twisting along about three feet from the ground; he rushes at it, and it sticks somehow or other

in the fingers of his left hand, to the utter astonishment of himself and the whole field. Such a catch hasn't been made in the close for years, and the cheering is maddening. 'Pretty cricket,' says the Captain, throwing himself on the ground by the deserted wicket with a long breath: he feels that a crisis has passed.

I wish I had space to describe the whole match; how the Captain stumped the next man off a leg-shooter, and bowled slow lobs to old Mr. Aislabie, who came in for the last wicket. How the Lords' men were out by 10 half-past twelve o'clock for ninety-eight runs. How the Captain of the School eleven went in first to give his men pluck, and scored twenty-five in beautiful style; how Rugby was only four behind in the first innings. What a glorious dinner they had in the fourth-form School, and how the cover-point hitter sang the most topping comic songs, and old Mr. Aislabie made the best speeches that ever were heard, afterwards. But I haven't space, that's the fact, and so you must fancy it all, and carry yourselves on to half-past seven o'clock, when the School are again in, 20 with five wickets down and only thirty-two runs to make to win. The Marylebone men played carelessly in their second innings, but they are working like horses now to save the match.

There is much healthy, hearty, happy life scattered up and down the close; but the group to which I beg to call your especial attention is there, on the slope of the island, which looks towards the cricket-ground. It consists of three figures; two are seated on a bench, and one on the ground at their feet. The first, a tall, slight, and 30 rather gaunt man, with a bushy eyebrow, and a dry humorous smile, is evidently a clergyman. He is carelessly dressed, and looks rather used up, which isn't much to

be wondered at, seeing that he has just finished six weeks of examination work; but there he basks, and spreads himself out in the evening sun, bent on enjoying life, though he doesn't quite know what to do with his arms and legs. Surely it is our friend the young Master, whom we have had glimpses of before, but his face has gained a great deal since we last came across him.

And by his side, in white flannel shirt and trousers, straw hat, the Captain's belt, and the untanned yellow
10 cricket shoes which all the eleven wear, sits a strapping figure, near six feet high, with ruddy tanned face and whiskers, curly brown hair and a laughing dancing eye. He is leaning forward with his elbows resting on his knees, and dandling his favourite bat, with which he has made thirty or forty runs to-day, in his strong brown hands. It is Tom Brown, grown into a young man nineteen years old, a praepostor and Captain of the eleven, spending his last day as a Rugby boy, and let us hope as much wiser as he is bigger, since we last had the pleasure of coming
20 across him.

And at their feet on the warm dry ground, similarly dressed, sits Arthur, Turkish fashion, with his bat across his knees. He too is no longer a boy, less of a boy in fact than Tom, if one may judge from the thoughtfulness of his face, which is somewhat paler too than one could wish; but his figure, though slight, is well knit and active, and all his old timidity has disappeared, and is replaced by silent quaint fun, with which his face twinkles all over, as he listens to the broken talk between the other
30 two, in which he joins every now and then.

All three are watching the game eagerly, and joining in the cheering which follows every good hit. It is pleasing to see the easy friendly footing which the pupils

are on with their master, perfectly respectful, yet with no reserve and nothing forced in their intercourse. Tom has clearly abandoned the old theory of 'natural enemies' in this case at any rate.

But it is time to listen to what they are saying, and see what we can gather out of it.

'I don't object to your theory,' says the master, 'and I allow you have made a fair case for yourself. But now, in such books as Aristophanes for instance, you've been reading a play this half with the Doctor, haven't you?' 10

'Yes, the Knights,' answered Tom.

'Well, I'm sure you would have enjoyed the wonderful humour of it twice as much if you had taken more pains with your scholarship.'

'Well, sir, I don't believe any boy in the form enjoyed the sets-to between Cleon and the Sausage-seller more than I did—eh, Arthur?' said Tom, giving him a stir with his foot.

'Yes, I must say he did,' said Arthur. 'I think, sir, you've hit upon the wrong book there.' 20

'Not a bit of it,' said the master. 'Why, in those very passages of arms, how can you thoroughly appreciate them unless you are master of the weapons? and the weapons are the language, which you, Brown, have never half worked at; and so, as I say, you must have lost all the delicate shades of meaning which make the best part of the fun.'

'Oh! well played—bravo, Johnson!' shouted Arthur, dropping his bat and clapping furiously, and Tom joined in with a 'bravo, Johnson!' which might have been heard 30 at the chapel.

'Eh! what was it? I didn't see,' inquired the master; 'they only got one run, I thought?'

'No, but such a ball, three-quarters length and coming straight for his leg bail. Nothing but that turn of the wrist could have saved him, and he drew it away to leg for a safe one. Bravo, Johnson!'

'How well they are bowling, though,' said Arthur; 'they don't mean to be beat, I can see.'

'There now,' struck in the master, 'you see that's just what I have been preaching this half-hour. The delicate play is the true thing. I don't understand cricket, so I
10 don't enjoy those fine draws which you tell me are the best play, though when you or Raggles hit a ball hard away for six I am as delighted as any one. Don't you see the analogy?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Tom, looking up roguishly, 'I see; only the question remains whether I should have got most good by understanding Greek particles or cricket thoroughly. I'm such a thick, I never should have had time for both.'

'I see you are an incorrigible,' said the master with a chuckle; 'but I refute you by an example. Arthur there
20 has taken in Greek and cricket too.'

'Yes, but no thanks to him; Greek came natural to him. Why, when he first came I remember he used to read Herodotus for pleasure as I did Don Quixote, and couldn't have made a false concord if he'd tried ever so hard—and then I looked after his cricket.'

'Out! Bailey has given him out—do you see, Tom?' cries Arthur. 'How foolish of them to run so hard.'

'Well, it can't be helped, he has played very well. Whose turn is it to go in?'

30 'I don't know; they've got your list in the tent.'

'Let's go and see,' said Tom, rising; but at this moment Jack Raggles and two or three more came running to the island moat.

'Oh, Brown, mayn't I go in next?' shouts the Swiper.

'Whose name is next on the list?' says the Captain.

'Winter's, and then Arthur's,' answers the boy who carries it; 'but there are only twenty-six runs to get, and no time to lose. I heard Mr. Aislabie say that the stumps must be drawn at a quarter past eight exactly.'

'Oh, do let the Swiper go in,' chorus the boys; so Tom yields against his better judgment.

'I dare say now I've lost the match by this nonsense,' he says, as he sits down again; 'they'll be sure to get 10 Jack's wicket in three or four minutes; however, you'll have the chance, sir, of seeing a hard hit or two,' adds he, smiling, and turning to the master.

'Come, none of your irony, Brown,' answers the master. 'I'm beginning to understand the game scientifically. What a noble game it is, too!'

'Isn't it? But it's more than a game. It's an institution,' said Tom.

'Yes,' said Arthur, 'the birthright of British boys old and young, as *habeas corpus* and trial by jury are of British 20 men.'

'The discipline and reliance on one another which it teaches is so valuable, I think,' went on the master, 'it ought to be such an unselfish game. It merges the individual in the eleven; he doesn't play that he may win, but that his side may.'

'That's very true,' said Tom, 'and that's why football and cricket, now one comes to think of it, are much better games than fives, or hare-and-hounds, or any others where the object is to come in first or to win for oneself, and not 30 that one's side may win.'

'And then the Captain of the eleven!' said the master, 'what a post is his in our School-world! almost as hard

as the Doctor's; requiring skill and gentleness and firmness, and I know not what other rare qualities.'

'Which don't he wish he may get!' said Tom, laughing; 'at any rate he hasn't got them yet, or he wouldn't have been such a flat to-night as to let Jack Raggles go in out of his turn.'

'Ah! the Doctor never would have done that,' said Arthur, demurely. 'Tom, you've a great deal to learn yet in the art of ruling.'

- 10 'Well, I wish you'd tell the Doctor so then, and get him to let me stop till I'm twenty. I don't want to leave, I'm sure.'

'What a sight it is,' broke in the master, 'the Doctor as a ruler! Perhaps ours is the only little corner of the British Empire which is thoroughly, wisely, and strongly ruled just now. I'm more and more thankful every day of my life that I came here to be under him.'

'So am I, I'm sure,' said Tom; 'and more and more sorry that I've got to leave.'

- 20 'Every place and thing one sees here reminds one of some wise act of his,' went on the master. 'This island now—you remember the time, Brown, when it was laid out in small gardens, and cultivated by frost-bitten fags in February and March?'

'Of course I do,' said Tom; 'didn't I hate spending two hours in the afternoon grubbing in the tough dirt with the stump of a fives' bat? But turf-cart was good fun enough.'

- 30 'I dare say it was, but it was always leading to fights with the townspeople; and then the stealing flowers out of all the gardens in Rugby for the Easter show was abominable.'

'Well, so it was,' said Tom, looking down, 'but we fags

couldn't help ourselves. But what has that to do with the Doctor's ruling ?'

'A great deal, I think,' said the master ; 'what brought island-fagging to an end ?'

'Why, the Easter Speeches were put off till Midsummer,' said Tom, 'and the sixth had, the gymnastic poles put up here.'

'Well, and who changed the time of the Speeches, and put the idea of gymnastic poles into the heads of their worships the sixth form ?' asked the master. 10

'The Doctor, I suppose,' said Tom. 'I never thought of that.'

'Of course you didn't,' said the master, 'or else, fag as you were, you would have shouted with the whole school against putting down old customs. And that's the way that all the Doctor's reforms have been carried out when he has been left to himself—quietly and naturally, putting a good thing in the place of a bad, and letting the bad die out ; no wavering, and no hurry—the best thing that could be done for the time being, and patience for the rest.' 20

'Just Tom's own way,' chimed in Arthur, nudging Tom with his elbow, 'driving a nail where it will go ;' to which allusion Tom answered by a sly kick.

'Exactly so,' said the master, innocent of the allusion and by-play.

Meantime Jack Raggles, with his sleeves tucked up above his great brown elbows, scorning pads and gloves, has presented himself at the wicket ; and having run one for a forward drive of Johnson's, is about to receive his first ball. There are only twenty-four runs to make, and 30 four wickets to go down ; a winning match if they play decently steady. The ball is a very swift one, and rises fast, catching Jack on the outside of the thigh, and bound-

ing away as if from india-rubber, while they run two for a leg-bye amidst great applause, and shouts from Jack's many admirers. The next ball is a beautifully pitched ball for the outer stump, which the reckless and unfeeling Jack catches hold of, and hits right round to leg for five, while the applause becomes deafening; only seventeen runs to get with four wickets—the game is all but ours!

It is over now, and Jack walks swaggering about his wicket, with the bat over his shoulder, while Mr. Aislabie
10 holds a short parley with his men. Then the cover-point hitter, that cunning man, goes on to bowl slow twisters. Jack waves his hand triumphantly towards the tent, as much as to say, 'See if I don't finish it all off now in three hits.'

Alas, my son Jack! the enemy is too old for thee. The first ball of the over Jack steps out and meets, swiping with all his force. If he had only allowed for the twist! but he hasn't, and so the ball goes spinning up straight into the air, as if it would never come down again. Away
20 runs Jack, shouting and trusting to the chapter of accidents, but the bowler runs steadily under it, judging every spin, and calling out 'I have it,' catches it, and playfully pitches it on to the back of the stalwart Jack, who is departing with a rueful countenance.

'I knew how it would be,' says Tom, rising. 'Come along, the game's getting very serious.'

So they leave the island and go to the tent, and after deep consultation Arthur is sent in, and goes off to the wicket with a last exhortation from Tom to play steady
30 and keep his bat straight. To the suggestions that Winter is the best bat left, Tom only replies, 'Arthur is the steadiest, and Johnson will make the runs if the wicket is only kept up.'

'I am surprised to see Arthur in the eleven,' said the master, as they stood together in front of the dense crowd, which was now closing in round the ground.

'Well, I'm not quite sure that he ought to be in for his play,' said Tom, 'but I couldn't help putting him in. It will do him so much good, and you can't think what I owe him.'

The master smiled. The clock strikes eight, and the whole field becomes fevered with excitement. Arthur, after two narrow escapes, scores one; and Johnson gets 10 the ball. The bowling and fielding are superb, and Johnson's batting worthy the occasion. He makes here a two, and there a one, managing to keep the ball to himself, and Arthur backs up and runs perfectly: only eleven runs to make now, and the crowd scarcely breathe. At last Arthur gets the ball again, and actually drives it forward for two, and feels prouder than when he got the three best prizes, at hearing Tom's shout of joy, 'Well played, well played, young un!'

But the next ball is too much for a young hand, and his 20 bails fly different ways. Nine runs to make, and two wickets to go down—it is too much for human nerves.

Before Winter can get in, the omnibus which is to take the Lords' men to the train pulls up at the side of the close, and Mr. Aislabie and Tom consult, and give out that the stumps will be drawn after the next over. And so ends the great match. Winter and Johnson carry out their bats, and, it being a one day's match, the Lords' men are declared the winners, they having scored the most in the first innings.

But such a defeat is a victory: so think Tom and all the School eleven, as they accompany their conquerors to the omnibus, and send them off with three ringing cheers, after

Mr. Aislabie has shaken hands all round, saying to Tom, 'I must compliment you, sir, on your eleven, and I hope we shall have you for a member if you come up to Town.'

As Tom and the rest of the eleven were turning back into the close, and everybody was beginning to cry out for another country-dance, encouraged by the success of the night before, the young master, who was just leaving the close, stopped him, and asked him to come up to tea at half-past eight, adding, 'I won't keep you more than half 10 an hour, and ask Arthur to come up too.'

'I'll come up with you directly, if you'll let me,' said Tom, 'for I feel rather melancholy, and not quite up to the country-dance and supper with the rest.'

'Do by all means,' said the master; 'I'll wait here for you.'

So Tom went off to get his boots and things from the tent, to tell Arthur of the invitation, and to speak to his second in command about stopping the dancing and shutting up the close as soon as it grew dusk. Arthur promised to 20 follow as soon as he had had a dance. So Tom handed his things over to the man in charge of the tent, and walked quietly away to the gate where the master was waiting, and the two took their way together up the Hillmorton road.

Of course they found the master's house locked up, and all the servants away in the close, about this time no doubt footing it away on the grass with extreme delight to themselves, and in utter oblivion of the unfortunate bachelor their master, whose one enjoyment in the shape of meals was his 'dish of tea' (as our grandmothers called it) in the 30 evening; and the phrase was apt in his case, for he always poured his out into the saucer before drinking. Great was the good man's horror at finding himself shut out of his own house. Had he been alone, he would have treated it

as a matter of course, and would have strolled contentedly up and down his gravel-walk until some one came home ; but he was hurt at the stain on his character of host, especially as the guest was a pupil. However, the guest seemed to think it a great joke, and presently, as they poked about round the house, mounted a wall, from which he could reach a passage window : the window, as it turned out, was not bolted, so in another minute Tom was in the house and down at the front door, which he opened from inside. The master chuckled grimly at this burglarious 10 entry, and insisted on leaving the hall-door and two of the front windows open, to frighten the truants on their return ; and then the two set about foraging for tea, in which operation the master was much at fault, having the faintest possible idea of where to find anything, and being moreover wondrously short-sighted ; but Tom by a sort of instinct knew the right cupboards in the kitchen and pantry, and soon managed to place on the snuggerly table better materials for a meal than had appeared there probably during the reign of his tutor, who was then and there 20 initiated, amongst other things, into the excellence of that mysterious condiment, a dripping-cake. The cake was newly baked, and all rich and flaky ; Tom had found it reposing in the cook's private cupboard, awaiting her return ; and as a warning to her, they finished it to the last crumb. The kettle sang away merrily on the hob of the snuggerly, for, notwithstanding the time of year, they lighted a fire, throwing both the windows wide open at the same time ; the heap of books and papers were pushed away to the other end of the table, and the great solitary 30 engraving of King's College Chapel over the mantelpiece looked less stiff than usual, as they settled themselves down in the twilight to the serious drinking of tea.

After some talk on the match, and other indifferent subjects, the conversation came naturally back to Tom's approaching departure, over which he began again to make his moan.

'Well, we shall all miss you quite as much as you will miss us,' said the master. 'You are the Nestor of the School now, are you not?'

'Yes, ever since East left,' answered Tom.

'By the bye, have you heard from him?'

10 'Yes, I had a letter in February, just before he started for India to join his regiment.'

'He will make a capital officer.'

'Ay, won't he!' said Tom, brightening; 'no fellow could handle boys better, and I suppose soldiers are very like boys. And he'll never tell them to go where he won't go himself. No mistake about that—a braver fellow never walked.'

'His year in the sixth will have taught him a good deal that will be useful to him now.'

20 'So it will,' said Tom, staring into the fire. 'Poor dear Harry,' he went on, 'how well I remember the day we were put out of the twenty. How he rose to the situation, and burnt his cigar-cases, and gave away his pistols, and pondered on the constitutional authority of the sixth, and his new duties to the Doctor, and the fifth form, and the fags. Ay, and no fellow ever acted up to them better, though he was always a people's man—for the fags, and against constituted authorities. He couldn't help that, you know. I'm sure the Doctor must have liked him?' said
30 Tom, looking up inquiringly.

'The Doctor sees the good in every one, and appreciates it,' said the master, dogmatically; 'but I hope East will get a good colonel. He won't do if he can't respect those

above him. How long it took him, even here, to learn the lesson of obeying.'

'Well, I wish I were alongside of him,' said Tom. If I can't be at Rugby, I want to be at work in the world, and not dawdling away three years at Oxford.'

'What do you mean by "at work in the world?"' said the master, pausing, with his lips close to his saucerful of tea, and peering at Tom over it.

'Well, I mean real work; one's profession; whatever one will have really to do, and make one's living by. 10 I want to be doing some real good, feeling that I am not only at play in the world,' answered Tom, rather puzzled to find out himself what he really did mean.

'You are mixing up two very different things in your head, I think, Brown,' said the master, putting down the empty saucer, 'and you ought to get clear about them. You talk of "working to get your living," and "doing some real good in the world," in the same breath. Now, you may be getting a very good living in a profession, and yet doing no good at all in the world, but quite the contrary, 20 at the same time. Keep the latter before you as your one object, and you will be right, whether you make a living or not; but if you dwell on the other, you'll very likely drop into mere money-making, and let the world take care of itself for good or evil. Don't be in a hurry about finding your work in the world for yourself; you are not old enough to judge for yourself yet, but just look about you in the place you find yourself in, and try to make things a little better and honester there. You'll find plenty to keep your hand in at Oxford, or wherever else 30 you go. And don't be led away to think this part of the world important, and that unimportant. Every corner of the world is important. No man knows whether this part

or that is most so, but every man may do some honest work in his own corner.' And then the good man went on to talk wisely to Tom of the sort of work which he might take up as an undergraduate; and warned him of the prevalent University sins, and explained to him the many and great differences between University and School life; till the twilight changed into darkness, and they heard the truant servants stealing in by the back entrance.

'I wonder where Arthur can be,' said Tom at last, 10 looking at his watch; 'why, it's nearly half-past nine already.'

'Oh, he is comfortably at supper with the eleven, forgetful of his oldest friends,' said the master. 'Nothing has given me greater pleasure,' he went on, 'than your friendship for him; it has been the making of you both.'

'Of me, at any rate,' answered Tom; 'I should never have been here now but for him. It was the luckiest chance in the world that sent him to Rugby, and made him my chum.'

20 'Why do you talk of lucky chances?' said the master; 'I don't know that there are any such things in the world; at any rate there was neither luck nor chance in that matter.'

Tom looked at him inquiringly, and he went on. 'Do you remember when the Doctor lectured you and East at the end of one half-year, when you were in the shell, and had been getting into all sorts of scrapes?'

'Yes, well enough,' said Tom, 'it was the half-year before Arthur came.'

30 'Exactly so,' answered the master. 'Now, I was with him a few minutes afterwards, and he was in great distress about you two. And, after some talk, we both agreed that you in particular wanted some object in the School beyond

games and mischief; for it was quite clear that you never would make the regular school work your first object. And so the Doctor, at the beginning of the next half-year, looked out the best of the new boys, and separated you and East, and put the young boy into your study, in the hope that when you had somebody to lean on you, you would begin to stand a little steadier yourself, and get manliness and thoughtfulness. And I can assure you he has watched the experiment ever since with great satisfaction. Ah! not one of you boys will ever know the 10 anxiety you have given him, or the care with which he has watched over every step in your school lives.'

Up to this time, Tom had never wholly given in to, or understood the Doctor. At first he had thoroughly feared him. For some years, as I have tried to show, he had learnt to regard him with love and respect, and to think him a very great and wise and good man. But, as regarded his own position in the school, of which he was no little proud, Tom had no idea of giving any one credit for it but himself; and, truth to tell, was a very self-20 conceited young gentleman on the subject. He was wont to boast that he had fought his own way fairly up the School, and had never made up to, or been taken up by any big fellow or master, and that it was now quite a different place from what it was when he first came. And, indeed, though he didn't actually boast of it, yet in his secret soul he did to a great extent believe, that the great reform in the School had been owing quite as much to himself as to any one else. Arthur, he acknowledged, had done him good, and taught him a good deal, so 30 had other boys in different ways, but they had not had the same means of influence on the School in general; and as for the Doctor, why, he was a splendid master, but

every one knew that masters could do very little out of school hours. In short, he felt on terms of equality with his chief, so far as the social state of the School was concerned, and thought that the Doctor would find it no easy matter to get on without him. Moreover, his school Toryism was still strong, and he looked still with some jealousy on the Doctor, as somewhat of a fanatic in the matter of change; and thought it very desirable for the School that he should have some wise person (such as
10 himself) to look sharply after vested School-rights, and see that nothing was done to the injury of the republic without due protest.

It was a new light to him to find, that, besides teaching the sixth, and governing and guiding the whole School, editing classics, and writing histories, the great Headmaster had found time in those busy years to watch over the career, even of him, Tom Brown, and his particular friends,—and, no doubt, of fifty other boys at the same time; and all this without taking the least credit to
20 himself, or seeming to know, or let any one else know, that he ever thought particularly of any boy at all.

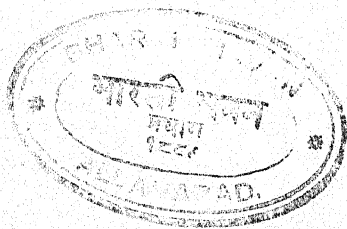
However, the Doctor's victory was complete from that moment over Tom Brown at any rate. He gave way at all points, and the enemy marched right over him, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, the land transport corps, and the camp followers. It had taken eight long years to do it, but now it was done thoroughly, and there wasn't a corner of him left which didn't believe in the Doctor. Had he returned to school again, and the Doctor begun the half-
30 year by abolishing fagging, and football, and the Saturday half-holiday, or all or any of the most cherished school institutions, Tom would have supported him with the blindest faith. And so, after a half confession of his

previous shortcomings, and sorrowful adieus to his tutor, from whom he received two beautifully bound volumes of the Doctor's Sermons, as a parting present, he marched down to the School-house, a hero-worshipper, who would have satisfied the soul of Thomas Carlyle himself.

There he found the eleven at high jinks after supper, Jack Raggles shouting comic songs, and performing feats of strength; and was greeted by a chorus of mingled remonstrance at his desertion, and joy at his reappearance. And falling in with the humour of the evening, he was soon as 10 great a boy as all the rest; and at ten o'clock was chaired round the quadrangle, on one of the hall benches borne aloft by the eleven, shouting in chorus, 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' while old Thomas, in a melting mood, and the other School-house servants, stood looking on.

And the next morning after breakfast he squared up all the cricketing accounts, went round to his tradesmen and other acquaintance, and said his hearty good-byes; and by twelve o'clock was in the train, and away for London, no longer a school-boy, and divided in his thoughts 20 between hero-worship, honest regrets over the long stage of his life which was now slipping out of sight behind him, and hopes and resolves for the next stage upon which he was entering with all the confidence of a young traveller.

THOMAS HUGHES.



THE STORY OF COLBERT.

IN the shop of a woollen-draper in Rheims, an ancient provincial town in France, an apprentice boy, of slim personal appearance and handsome intelligent features, stood within the counter, poring over the pages of a well-thumbed volume. His name was Baptiste, or, more properly, Jean Baptiste Colbert.

‘What day of the month is this?’ asked M. Certain, a thin, withered old man, the master of the establishment, looking out from his green leathern arm-chair, at the further
10 extremity of the shop, and addressing Baptiste.

‘The 30th of October 1632,’ replied the youth.

‘Not altogether correct,’ cried the old woollen-draper briskly: ‘you are right as to the day and month, but wrong as to the year. This is 1634, my lad, and that you should know, for you are now fifteen years of age, and should be able to reckon correctly.’

‘And so I should, godfather; and I am sure I am fond enough of ciphering. But my mind was a little engaged with history; and at the moment you spoke, I was’——

20 ‘Oh, I see; reading, as usual. I am afraid you will never be good for anything. But what kind of a book is it? What interests you so much?’

‘Why, sir, I am reading the trial of the Duke of Montmorency.’

'The Duke of Montmorency! What have you to say to him? You think yourself a great man, I suppose, my little fellow, because you have among your ancestors the barons of Gasteril.'

'Castlehill, godfather: the Castlehills are the common ancestors of the Colberts of Scotland and of France; we have the same coat-of-arms.'

'Bah! what is that to me? When your mother, Madame Colbert, came to ask me to stand sponsor for you, in compliment to my poor sister, with whom she had been 10 educated, do you think I asked who were your ancestors? Here, at the sign of the Golden Fleece, we do not mind such things. All we have to do with is to sell cloth.'

'I am quite aware of that, sir,' modestly answered the young man: 'I will do my best, I am sure.'

'Oh, I daresay you will, by and by. However, since you are reading about the Duke of Montmorency, pray tell me what he was tried for.'

'You know, godfather, when Louis XIII. set out from Paris in 1629, and notwithstanding the extreme cold, went 20 in person to assist the Duke of Nevers, and defend him against the claims which the Duke of Savoy made upon Montferrat'——

'I declare the little fellow is born a statesman; it is wonderful how he strings it all together,' said the old woollen-draper, staring up at his godson, whose student-like paleness and expression of profound thought seemed little suited to the softness of his childish features, and the fair silken hair which fell in large curls on his shoulders, rivalling in whiteness those of a young girl. 30

'Well, godfather,' continued Baptiste, his face glowing with just indignation, 'when the young king had forced the pass of Suze, conquered the army of the Duke of

Savoy, pursued the Spaniards of Casal, seized upon Pignerol, and, according to the treaty of Querasque, concluded three years before, put the Duke of Nevers in possession of the duchy of Mantua—when, with the title of *Deliverer of Italy*, which this treaty gave him, he returned with the Duke of Richelieu to the capital, he found there a thousand intrigues. His brother Gaston, Duke of Orleans, had revolted; several nobles had joined his party, the principal of whom was the Duke of Montmorency, who had
10 stirred up Lower Languedoc, of which he was governor; but being taken with arms in his hands at the battle of Castelnaudary, he was beheaded by order of the Duke of Richelieu, at Toulouse, on the 30th October 1632.'

'There was probably in all that a little of the Cardinal de Richelieu's intrigues and machinations,' observed the old woollen-draper, who, as you may perceive, my young readers, did not dislike politics, although he appeared as if he did.

'Ministers are too arbitrary, too harsh, too despotic,' replied Baptiste with animation; 'and if ever I am prime-
20 minister'—

A roar of laughter from the old woollen-draper, from the apprentices, nay, even from the shop-boy, who was sweeping the front part of the shop, interrupted poor little Baptiste, and made the blood mount to his temples.

'There are no longer any children!—there are no longer any children!' cried Moline laughing.

'If—you—were—a—prime—min—ist—er,' repeated the master of the Golden Fleece, drawling out each syllable; 'if—you—were—a—prime—min—ist—er!—Do me the
30 favour, sir,' added he, abruptly changing his tone, 'first to be useful in your godfather's shop, and to learn to be thankful for having got into so respectable a means of earning a livelihood.'

'Pardon, my good godfather; I spoke on the spur of the moment, and will endeavour to be all that could be desired of me.'

'Well, well, no more of that. Lay aside your paper, and listen to what I am going to say. Here is an invoice, directed, you see, to M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani, bankers of Paris. Set off now to the banker, and take the invoice to him, and at the same time shew him those cloths, to make hangings for a country-house that he has purchased in the environs. Come here, sir, 10 and remember the prices of these cloths: No. 1 is marked three crowns a yard; No. 2, six crowns; No. 3, eight crowns; and No. 4, fifteen crowns. It is dear enough, but it is the very finest Saxony.'

'Am I to make any abatement, godfather?' asked Baptiste, taking a card to which little patterns of cloth were fastened, while Moline the porter loaded himself with several pieces similar to the specimens.

'Abatement!' cried the woollen-draper; 'not a farthing. The full price, and ready money. Not a penny less, 20 remember.'

Baptiste, followed by Moline with a large parcel of cloth, quickly measured the distance which separated M. Guillaume Certain's shop from the hotel where the banker Cenani was staying.

'You will recollect what your godfather said to you, will you not, Master Baptiste? No. 1, three crowns; No. 2, six crowns; No. 3, eight crowns; and No. 4, fifteen crowns: that's your story. Why, what is the matter with you? What are you thinking of, with your eyes on the ground? 30 One would think you were looking for pins.'

'To tell you the truth, Moline, I do not think my godfather understands me. I wish to be a good shopkeeper, if

that is to be my destiny ; but surely a man may not be the worse tradesman for taking pleasure in a book, when it does not interfere with his profession.'

'Perhaps so, Baptiste, my good lad ; but I am afraid you are a little too much given to forgetfulness ; but no doubt, you will do well in time. Come, cheer up ; here is the hotel.'

'I wish to see M. Cenani,' said Baptiste to the person in attendance.

- 10 'The first staircase to the left, Nos. 8 and 10,' said the waiter. And still followed by Moline, the young woollen-draper knocked at the door to which he was directed, and was soon ushered into the presence of a very young man, in a dressing-gown of bright-green damask, richly flowered with red.

'I come from M. Certain,' said Baptiste, bowing.

'Here are several pieces of cloth for your honour to choose from,' added Moline, placing his parcel on a table.

- 20 The young banker merely said : 'Let me see,' at the same time carelessly approaching the bales, which Moline eagerly opened ; and scarcely looking at them, as he touched each piece successively with the tip of his fingers, he put one aside. 'I like this best ; what is its price ?'

'Fifteen crowns a yard,' answered Baptiste. Moline made a grimace which neither seller nor buyer remarked.

'Very well,' said the latter ; 'it is for making hangings for my study in the country. How many yards are in this piece ?'

- 30 'Thirty yards,' said Moline, looking at the mark ; 'and if you wish me to measure it before you, sir,'—

'It is quite unnecessary, my friend ; I may trust M. Guillaume. Thirty yards at fifteen crowns make four hundred and fifty crowns : here they are ;' and going with

the same negligent air to an open desk, he took out a handful of money, which he gave to Baptiste.

'Do you know how to write, my little friend?' said he to him.

'Yes, sir,' said the young apprentice, blushing deeply, so mortified was he by the question.

'Well, give me a receipt.'

Baptiste gave the required receipt, and took the money; Moline made up the three other pieces of cloth; both then bowed and retired. 10

If Baptiste had not been at the time a little absent in mind, he might have remarked, when he reached the street, that his companion was more than usually jocose, and saying as much as that they had had a good day's work.

'Well?' said the master of the Golden Fleece, perceiving, from his station on the step before his door, the approach of his godson and his shop-boy—'well?'

'Here we are at last,' said Moline, throwing his bale upon the counter.

M. Certain opened it eagerly. 'You have made no 20 mistake, I hope,' said he.

'I don't think I have,' said Baptiste quietly.

'But I think you have,' said Moline with a smothered laugh.

'Do you think so, Moline?—do you think so?' cried the old woollen-draper, throwing down the cloth, and examining the tickets. 'But indeed I might have expected this; the little rascal could not do otherwise. But I warn you, if you have made a mistake, you shall go to M. Cenani to ask from him the surplus money, and if he refuse to give it, 30 you shall pay it out of your wages. No. 3 is wanting; No. 3 was worth—it was worth six crowns; no, eight crowns. I am quite puzzled.'

'Eight crowns!—eight crowns!' cried Baptiste, astounded. 'Are you sure of that, godfather?'

'Perhaps you would like to make out, you little rascal, that it was I who made the mistake. I tell you No. 3 was worth eight crowns. I am half dead with fear. I will lay a wager that the fellow sold it for six.'

'On the contrary, godfather, stupid creature that I am, I have sold it for fifteen; but'—

'Fifteen!—fifteen!' interrupted the woollen-draper, trying to disguise the joy which his faltering voice alone would have betrayed—'fifteen! You are a fine boy, a good boy, Baptiste; you will one day be an honour to all your family. Fifteen!—and I, your godfather, congratulate myself on having stood sponsor for you. Fifteen!—I could cry with joy! Fifteen crowns—fifteen crowns for a piece of cloth not worth six! Thirty yards at fifteen crowns instead of eight—seven crowns profit; thirty yards, two hundred and ten crowns—six hundred and thirty francs profit. O happy day!'

20 'How, godfather; would you take advantage?' said Baptiste, drawing back instead of advancing.

'Oh, perhaps you want to go shares,' said the dishonest shopkeeper. 'Certainly; I agree to let you have something.'

'Godfather,' interrupted young Colbert in his turn, composedly taking up his hat, which he had put down on entering, 'I cannot agree to any such thing'—

'Bravo! bravo! my boy. Well, give it all to me.'

'And I will go,' continued Baptiste, 'to the gentleman whom I have treated so badly, to beg of him to excuse me, 30 and to return him the money he overpaid me.'

And with these words, Baptiste, who had, while speaking, been gradually approaching the street door, cleared the threshold with a single bound, and rushed out.

The knavish old woollen-draper stood in amazement and wrath at this unforeseen occurrence ; but we shall leave him for a moment, to follow the conscientious lad, who was on his way back to the hotel of M. Cenani.

‘Can I see M. Cenani?’ asked the breathless Baptiste of the *valet-de-chambre* who had opened the door to him a quarter of an hour before.

‘He is not yet gone out ; but I do not think you can see him,’ replied the valet : ‘my master is dressing.’

‘I beg of you, sir, to let me see him immediately,’ said 10 Baptiste, his looks as urgent as his tones ; ‘it is absolutely necessary I should see him.’

‘I will go and inquire,’ said the valet ; and he opened his master’s door, without perceiving that Baptiste had closely followed him.

‘What is the matter, Comtois?’ asked the young banker, without turning his head, as, standing before a mirror, he was trying to give a becoming fold to the frill of his shirt.

‘It is the young woollen-draper, who was here just now, who wants to see you, sir,’ replied the valet. 20

‘He cannot see me now,’ said M. Cenani. ‘My sword, Comtois.’

‘Oh, pray, sir, one word,’ said the imploring voice of Baptiste.

‘What brings you here? What do you want? I paid you, did I not?’ asked the banker, turning angrily to Baptiste. ‘I am engaged. Go.’

With that fearlessness which is given by extreme youth, and the consciousness of doing right, Baptiste, instead of retiring, advanced a few steps into the room. 30

‘Sir,’ said he to the banker, whose astonishment at his boldness for a moment checked the order already on his lips to turn him out, ‘I have imposed upon you—uninten-

tionally, it is true—but that does not make you the less wronged.’ Then taking advantage of the extreme surprise caused by this preamble, the young woollen-draper advanced still further into the room, and emptying his pocket on a table, added: ‘Here are the four hundred and fifty crowns that you gave me just now; be so good as to return me the receipt I gave you, and to take your money. The cloth that I sold to you, instead of being worth fifteen crowns a yard, is only worth eight. Thirty yards at eight crowns
 10 make only two hundred and forty crowns. You are to get back two hundred and ten crowns. There they are, sir. Will you see if it is right?’

‘Are you quite sure of what you say, my friend?’ said the banker, quickly changing his tone. ‘Are you certain there is no mistake?’

‘You have the piece of cloth still, sir; is it not marked No. 3?’

‘It is,’ said Comtois, going to examine.

‘The No. 3 is marked at eight crowns, sir; I do not mis-
 20 take. I beg your pardon, sir, for having made my way to you in spite of you; but if you had found out the mistake before I did, I should never have forgiven myself. Now, I have the honour of wishing you good-morning.’

‘Stay a moment, one moment!’ cried Cenani to Baptiste, who was retiring with a bow, and whom this command brought back from the door. ‘Do you know that I am no judge of cloth myself?’

‘I can assure you, sir, that this piece of cloth is not worth more than eight crowns.’

30 Smiling at his simplicity, the young banker continued: ‘And you might have easily kept this money for yourself.’

‘I never thought of that, sir,’ replied the young apprentice with artless simplicity.

‘But if you had thought of it?’ again inquired the elegant Parisian.

‘It was quite impossible, sir, that such an idea could ever have come into my head. You might as well ask me if I had thought of carrying off all that you have here;’ and a smile, as if at the absurdity of the idea, lighted up the ingenuous countenance of the boy.

‘Suppose I were to make you a present of this money that you have returned to me with such admirable integrity?’

10

‘What right have I to it, sir? and why should you give it to me? I would not take it, sir,’ said Baptiste without hesitation.

‘You are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow,’ said the young banker, going towards Baptiste, and taking him by the hand,—‘you are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow,’ repeated he. ‘What is your name?’

‘Jean Baptiste Colbert, at your service,’ replied Baptiste, blushing at this condescension.

‘And how old are you, Baptiste?’

20

‘Fifteen, sir.’

‘Colbert, Colbert,’ repeated M. Cenani, as if endeavouring to recall something to his memory. ‘Is it possible that you are a relation of the Colberts of Scotland?’

‘The barons of Castlehill are the common ancestors of the Scotch and French Colberts, sir.’

‘And how comes it that your father, a descendant of such an illustrious family, is a woollen-draper?’

‘My father is not a woollen-draper, sir; but he is very poor; and it is to relieve the family of the burden of my support that I became apprentice to my godfather, M. Certain.’

‘Poor little fellow; so much artlessness, integrity, and

amiability, and so unfortunate! What a pity!—what a pity!’

‘Your carriage is ready, sir,’ said the *valet-de-chambre*, reappearing.

The young banker let go the hand of the boy with regret; he seemed divided between the wish of making him accept the sum still lying upon the table, and the fear of again calling up the blush of mortification to that face of such noble, yet childlike beauty. The latter feeling undoubtedly prevailed, for he contented himself with saying: ‘We shall meet again, Baptiste; we shall meet again.’ And with gestures and looks of kindness, he dismissed him.

Baptiste ran down the staircase of the hotel, and was bounding into the street, when he was seized by the collar with a powerful and threatening grasp. It was that of his enraged master, who had followed him, and now abused him in a frantic manner for having returned the money. All remonstrances from poor Baptiste were in vain. M. Certain was, on the whole, not a bad man; but he was 20 greedy, and had a hasty temper, and these two evil qualities led him into a momentary and sinful forgetfulness of his duty.

‘Get from my sight and from my employment,’ said he in answer to Baptiste’s explanations. ‘Go, I say, and follow the advice that I now give you—it is my last. Never come within reach of either my arm or my tongue. There is my blessing for you; take it, and good-bye to you.’

Much as Baptiste had expected his godfather’s rage, and 30 fully as he was prepared for it, the idea of his dismissing him had never entered his head: nevertheless he did not repent his conduct, feeling that, in the circumstances, he had had no alternative. Bowing his head to his sponsor’s

unchristianlike farewell, Baptiste slowly bent his steps to his father's house.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and M. Colbert was already seated at supper with his wife and youngest son, a child of six years of age, when the parlour-door opened, and Baptiste appeared. A cry of astonishment broke from the lips of both father and mother, alarmed by the confused and sorrowful air of the boy. 'What is the matter? Why have you left the shop on a week-day? Is your godfather ill? Or are you—— Speak! What is the matter?'

These questions from both father and mother followed each other so rapidly, that the young apprentice could not find a moment to answer them; but a sigh having followed the last word, he took advantage of it. 'I have been dismissed by M. Certain,' said Baptiste.

'You have been about some folly then, sir,' said M. Colbert, for a moment losing the parent in the severe censor.

'I will leave it to you to decide, father,' replied Baptiste modestly.

Madame Colbert's anxiety deprived her of utterance.

'What do you mean?' demanded M. Colbert.

'With your permission, my dear father, I will relate to you all that occurred to-day, and then you can tell me if I have done wrong: but I do not think I have; for, notwithstanding the grief that I feel in appearing before you, after being dismissed, yet, if it were to do over again, I would act as I have done.'

'Go on,' said his father, while his mother looked encouragingly at him, and his little brother blew kisses to him. Baptiste related all that you already know, my young readers; he did so simply and candidly, without a

word of exaggeration or of reproach; nay, the amiable boy seemed to seek palliations for his godfather's conduct, which, though repugnant to his every feeling, he endeavoured to excuse. 'My godfather is so fond of money,' said he, 'and then, as a woollen-draper, perhaps he did not understand my conduct. To sell a little over the value, or a great deal, is the same thing to him, perhaps. If one may charge twopence profit on the yard without being called a rogue, and punished as such, why may not
10 one as well charge a hundred francs, if one can? What do you say, father? It is very much to be regretted, but so it is.'

'Come and embrace me, my son,' said M. Colbert, extending his arms to Baptiste, who threw himself into them—'come; you are indeed my son: you have behaved well, and have my full approbation.'

'Yes, you have indeed behaved well, my beloved Baptiste,' added Madame Colbert, also holding out her arms to her son; 'you have done right. Sit down here
20 near me; you must be hungry! You shall never return to that man, I promise you.'

'I cannot remain a burden to you, however,' observed Baptiste, seating himself by his mother's side.

'We will think of that to-morrow,' replied M. Colbert; to-day we will only think how we can best entertain the welcome guest that God has ordered that the woollen-draper should send us.'

'Sir,' said the one solitary servant of the house, quietly opening the parlour-door, 'a gentleman in a post-chaise
30 wants to speak to you.'

'His name, Janon?'

'He says that as you do not know him, it is useless to tell his name; but he is very anxious to see you.'

'And I have no reason to refuse to receive him, stranger though he be: let him walk in, Janon,' said M. Colbert, rising from table to meet the visitor.

At the first glance of the stranger, as he entered with all the Parisian air of fashion which distinguished him, Baptiste coloured deeply.

'Sir,' said the stranger, bowing to Baptiste's father, and stopping to bend almost to the ground before Madame Colbert, 'I beg a thousand pardons for having thus forced my entrance; but I leave to-morrow, and the business 10 which brings me to you would not admit of delay. I am M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani of Paris.

'In what can I serve you, sir?' asked M. Colbert, offering a chair to the stranger, who seated himself.

'This youth is your son, is he not, sir?' inquired he, pointing to Baptiste, who blushed still more deeply.

'Yes, sir, thank God.'

'You have cause to thank God, sir: this child acted towards me this morning in a manner truly noble.'

'Only as he ought, sir—only as he ought,' said Madame 20 Colbert hastily; fearing, with maternal anxiety, that her son might be rendered proud of having done his duty.

'Nobly, madame. I see that you know the history; but as you have probably heard it from your son, his modesty has undoubtedly left you ignorant of that which has most delighted me. I went to M. Guillaume's for a second piece of cloth, and was informed of all the details by the shop-boy. Your admirable child, madame, refused to divide with his master the overcharge on the cloth.'

'Excellent, excellent! Quite right, quite right! O my 30 dear, dear boy!' said Madame Colbert with happy pride, embracing Baptiste, who stammered—

'It would not have been honest.'

M. Colbert looked upon his son with all a father's delighted approval.

'You are aware, sir,' said he, addressing the banker, 'that on account of his conduct, a conduct which makes a father's heart palpitate with joy, my son has been dismissed from M. Guillaume's.'

'I know it, sir; the shop-boy told me so; and on that account I determined to come here, and to ask you, since you have already suffered your child to enter into trade, 10 if it would suit you to place him, honest and honourable as he is, in our banking-house, where, in a larger sphere, he must make his fortune? I tell you, madame, your child will make his fortune.'

'God bless you, sir,' said Madame Colbert with emotion.

Baptiste, who had hitherto listened in silence, and who now only began to understand M. Cenani's intention, cried suddenly: 'If to make a fortune I am to leave my father and mother, I must decline it, sir.'

'But I do not decline it for you, Baptiste,' said his 20 father tenderly but seriously. 'We are very poor, my son; and I should think myself culpable did I bury a mind like yours in the narrow and confined sphere in which I move. Since this gentleman has appreciated you so far as to come to seek you here, he deserves my fullest confidence. I give him to you, sir; I intrust to you the flower of my family. Oh, in that great city, whither you are about to take him, watch over him—I will not say like a father, you are too young, but like a brother. And you, Baptiste, go with this gentleman; in all that concerns the business of 30 your calling, listen to his advice, and follow it; but when the principles of integrity, of honour, and of virtue are involved, take counsel but of your own heart.'

Baptiste wept while he listened to his father, but he no

longer made any objection; the desire to relieve his parents, and to be useful to his family, soon dried his tears; nevertheless, the adieus were sorrowful.

Baptiste's young heart was wrung at the thought of leaving that home whose every corner recalled to his mind some sport of his childhood, or some fond caress of his parents; whose every article of furniture was connected with some sweet and tender association. Even down to old Janon, there was nothing that did not bring with it a regret.

Soon, however—thanks to the natural buoyancy of his 10 age, and also to the change of scene and place—Baptiste felt a new life spring up within him, as he was whirled along in a comfortable carriage, with a young and cheerful companion.

Let us follow him to Paris, my young readers, and see in what manner the little woollen-drapeer climbed, step by step, to the pinnacle of earthly greatness and glory.

Having arrived in Paris, young Colbert found himself in a new world. All was brilliant and delightful. But though highly interested with all that he saw, he had the 20 good sense to remember that he must, to enjoy what surrounded him, diligently pursue the line of duty chalked out by his kind-hearted employer. With ears and eyes open to all he heard and saw, he still closely adhered to his occupation as a clerk in the banking-house of Messrs. Cenani and Mazerani. By this diligence and his general skill, he speedily rose in estimation. No accounts baffled his scrutiny. He mastered the details of his profession while still a youth; and on attaining manhood, he might have been pronounced a thorough financier. The most 30 important duties were now intrusted to him; and at length he obtained the great object of his ambition, the office of traveller for the firm.

The taste for the arts and sciences which he possessed was still more developed in his travels. He made the circuit of all the French provinces; and commerce being his principal study, he was already devising means to render it flourishing. It was while on these journeys that he formed those great projects, the execution of which, in later years, adorned his ministry. In 1648, when he was about thirty, Saint-Pouage, his near relation, placed him with his brother-in-law, Letellier, then Secretary of
10 State, by whom he was introduced to Cardinal Mazarin, prime-minister of Anne of Austria, regent of France during the minority of Louis XIV. At this period, commenced the factious intrigues which marked the regency of Anne. Mazarin, who had more penetration into character than any other man of his time, understood and appreciated the young and studious Colbert. He begged him of Letellier, who yielded him to him. Mazarin created him privy-councillor, and associated him with himself in all public business. Having proved his zeal in the wars of the
20 Fronde in 1649 and 1650, he soon admitted him into his full confidence. At this epoch, Mazarin, pursued by public hatred, and an object of distrust and dislike to the highest in the kingdom, was obliged to retire to Cologne. Colbert was about to marry Marie, the daughter of Jacques Charron, Baron de Menars. He remained at Paris as comptroller of the cardinal's household, and the secret agent of his correspondence with the queen-regent. He it was who was the bearer of the minister's despatches to that princess, and who received hers in return for the minister.
30 He acquitted himself of this delicate commission in a manner which did equal honour to his head and heart, his prudence being only equalled by his zeal; and when Mazarin returned to France, he enabled him to be useful to his family.

Colbert's father was not forgotten by his son; he was created a baron, and placed in a situation suitable to his abilities. His mother's father, Henry Passort, was made privy-councillor. The latter afterwards drew up that famous civil code known under the name of the code of 1667. To one of his brothers he gave several appointments; procured a lieutenancy in the regiment of Navarre for the second; caused the third to be appointed director of sea-prizes; and for his fourth brother, who was an abbé, he obtained a benefice worth six thousand livres. Thus 10 Colbert, now a great man at court, shewed himself not unmindful of his relatives, and these were worthy of his esteem. The following extract from a letter written by Colbert to his patron the cardinal, proves also that he had not obliged one who was ungrateful for his favours:

'I entreat,' he says, 'that your Highness will not think me insensible to the many favours that you have lavished on me and my family, and that, by your permitting a public acknowledgment of them, I may be allowed to offer the only kind of return for them it is in my power 20 to make.'

Colbert, created Marquis de Croissy, continued to give such proofs of rare merit and conscientiousness in all affairs confided to him by the cardinal, that the latter, when dying, said to Louis XIV.: 'I owe everything to you, sire; but I think that I acquit myself in some degree to your majesty in giving you Colbert.'

Louis XIV. appreciated Colbert's merit so highly, that in 1661 he created him comptroller-general of finance. At this era, France carried on no regular trade but that of 30 some of its provinces with the capital, and even this trade was confined to the produce of the soil. France was still ignorant of her own resources and of the mine of wealth that

national industry can open. The principal roads were impassable; Colbert had them repaired, and also opened new ones. The junction of the two seas by which France is bounded, had before been proposed under Louis XIII.; Colbert had it put into execution by Riquet. He projected the Canal de Bourgoyne, and established a general insurance-office for the benefit of maritime towns. He founded a chamber of commerce, where the most skilful merchants were called upon to discuss the sources of national prosperity; and, not trusting to his own judgment, he addressed himself to every European court for information, not merely as to the branches of commerce, but as to the means of making that commerce flourishing. By a skilful stroke of policy, he taught the nobility that trade might be engaged in without losing caste. Nantes, St. Malo, and Bordeaux are still inhabited by merchants who belong to the noblest families of their respective provinces. At this period, the English and Dutch divided between them the empire of the sea. Colbert, who had learned how much power lay in the trade between the two worlds, disputed this empire with them. Dunkirk was in the possession of the English; he redeemed it, in 1662, from Charles II. at an expense of five million livres. The two India companies were established; a colony was sent out from Rochelle to people Cayenne; a second took possession of Canada, and laid the foundation of Quebec; a third settled in Madagascar; the same month, sixty-five large ships sailed from St. Malo. The seas were infested by the corsairs of Algiers, of Tunis, and of Tripoli; the French vessels pursued the pirates, and stormed their strongholds, so that they could never afterwards see the French flag without terror. The harbours of Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort were opened, and those of Havre and

Dunkirk fortified. Naval schools were established; and more than a hundred ships-of-the-line, with sixty thousand sailors, commanded by D'Estrée, Tourville, Jean-Bart, and Forbin, gave to the French flag, hitherto unknown upon the seas, a brilliant triumph.

It was this able minister who established glass-works in the Faubourg St. Antoine, which article had previously been purchased in Venice at enormous prices. In 1667, he founded, in another part of Paris, the celebrated Gobelins manufactory—an establishment in which were produced the 10 most beautiful tapestries, and which remains till this day as one of the greatest wonders in the French metropolis.

In short, you cannot go a small distance in Paris without finding a trace of the great Colbert. The observatory, the beautiful garden of the Tuileries, laid out by Lenôtre, the triumphal-arch of St. Martin's Gate, that of the Rue St. Denis, that benevolent and noble institution, the Hôtel of the Invalids, many of the quays and boulevards, and several other things which we forget, attest the genius which shed such brilliancy and glory upon the age of 20 Louis XIV.; and it is only unfortunate that that monarch, by his desire for military conquest, failed to realise for France the solid benefits of Colbert's peaceful policy. Nothing was beyond the range of this great and noble intellect—not even agriculture. Remembering the axiom of Sully, the friend and minister of Henri IV.—‘Pasturage and tillage are the two nurses of the state’—he encouraged the breeding of cattle, and rendered land more easy of acquisition.

In the midst of so many labours, the fine arts, the fair 30 dream of his early years, were not forgotten. In 1664, he founded the Academy of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture, and the French Academy at Rome; and was

also greatly instrumental in the establishment of the Academy of Science ; and that of Inscriptions took its rise from an assembly held in his own house, for the purpose of furnishing designs and devices for the king's medals.

It was not until the 6th September 1683 that Colbert, who might have said with Corneille, 'I owe all my renown to myself,' terminated, at the age of sixty-four, a career no less useful than brilliant. He left nine children, six sons and three daughters. His three daughters married the 10 dukes of Chevereux, Aignau, and Mortemar. Such was the end of the illustrious Colbert, once a woollen-draper's apprentice, and whose first step to distinction was *an act of honour and honesty*.

W. CHAMBERS.

THE LITTLE DUKE.

DUKE RICHARD of Normandy slept in the room which had been his father's; Alberic de Montémar, as his page, slept at his feet, and Osmond de Ceuteville had a bed on the floor, across the door, where he lay with his sword close at hand, as his young lord's guard and protector.

All had been asleep for some little time when Osmond was startled by a slight movement at the door, which could not be pushed open without awakening him. In an instant he had grasped his sword, while he pressed his shoulder to the door to keep it close; but it was his father's voice that answered him with a few whispered words in the Norse tongue, 'It is I, open.' He made way instantly, and old Sir Eric entered treading cautiously with bare feet, and sat down on the bed motioning him to do the same, so that they might be able to speak lower. 'Right, Osmond,' he said: 'It is well to be on the alert, for peril enough is around him—The Frank means mischief! I know from a sure hand that Arnulf of Flanders was in council with him just before he came hither, with his false tongue, wiling and coaxing the poor child!' 20

'Ungrateful traitor!' murmured Osmond; 'do you guess his purpose?' 'Yes, surely to carry the boy off with him, and so he trusts doubtless to cut off all the race of Rollo! I know his purpose is to bear off the Duke, as a ward of the crown forsooth. Did you not hear him

luring the child with his promises of friendship with the princes? I could not understand all his French words, but I saw it plain enough.'

'You will never allow it?'

'If he does, it must be across our dead bodies; but taken as we are by surprise, our resistance will little avail. The castle is full of French, the hall and court swarm with them. Even if we could draw our Normans together, we should not be more than a dozen men, and what
10 could we do but die? That we are ready for if it may not be otherwise, rather than let our charge be thus borne off without a pledge for his safety, and without the knowledge of the states.'

'The king could not have come at a worse time,' said Osmond.

'No, just when Bernard the Dane is absent. If he only knew what has befallen, he could raise the country and come to the rescue.'

'Could we not send some one to bear the tidings to-
20 night?'

'I know not,' said Sir Eric, musingly. 'The French have taken the keeping of the doors; indeed they are so thick through the castle that I can hardly reach one of our men, nor could I spare one hand that may avail to guard the boy to-morrow.'

'Sir Eric;' a bare little foot was heard on the floor, and Alberic de Montémar stood before him. 'I did not mean to listen, but I could not help hearing you. I cannot fight for the Duke yet, but I could carry a message.'

30 'How would that be?' said Osmond eagerly. 'Once out of the castle and in Rouen, he could easily find means of sending to the count. He might go either to the convent of St. Ouen, or, which would be better, to the

trusty armourer, Thibault, who would soon find man and horse to send after the count.'

'Ah! let me see,' said Sir Eric. 'It might be, but how is he to get out?'

'I know a way,' said Alberic. 'I scrambled down that wide buttress by the east wall last week when our ball was caught in a branch of the ivy, and the drawbridge is down.'

'If Bernard knew, it would be off my mind at least!' said Sir Eric. 'Well, my young Frenchman, you may do 10 good service.'

'Osmond,' whispered Alberic, as he began hastily to dress himself, 'only ask one thing of Sir Eric,—never to call me young Frenchman again!'

Sir Eric smiled, saying, 'Prove yourself Norman, my boy.'

'Then,' added Osmond, 'if it were possible to get the Duke himself out of the castle to-morrow morning. If I could take him forth by the postern, and once bring him into the town, he would be safe. It would be only to raise 20 the burghers, or else to take refuge in the Church of Our Lady till the count came up, and then Louis would find his prey out of his hands when he awoke and sought him.'

'That might be,' replied Sir Eric; 'but I doubt your success. The French are too eager to hold him fast to let him slip out of their hands. You will find every door guarded.'

'Yes, but all the French have not seen the Duke, and the sight of a squire and a little page going forth will scarcely excite their suspicion.' 30

'Ay, if the Duke would bear himself like a little page; but that you need not hope for. Besides, he is so taken with this King's flatteries, that I doubt whether he would

consent to leave him for the sake of Count Bernard. Poor child, he is like to be soon taught to know his true friends.'

'I am ready,' said Alberic, coming forward.

The Baron de Ceuteville repeated his instructions, and then undertook to guard the door, while his son saw Alberic set off on his expedition.

Osmond went with him softly down the stairs, then avoiding the hall, which was filled with French, they
10 crept silently to a narrow window, guarded by iron bars, placed at such short intervals apart that only so small and slim a form as Alberic's could have squeezed out between them. The distance to the ground was not much more than twice his own height, and the wall was so covered with ivy that it was not a very dangerous feat for an active boy; so that Alberic was soon safe on the ground, then looking up to wave his cap, he ran on along the side of the moat, and was soon lost to Osmond's sight in the darkness.

20 Osmond returned to the Duke's chamber, and relieved his father's guard, while Richard slept soundly on, little guessing at the plots of his enemies, or at the schemes of his faithful subjects for his protection.

Osmond thought this all the better, for he had small trust in Richard's patience and self-command, and thought there was much more chance of getting him unnoticed out of the castle, if he did not know how much depended on it, and how dangerous his situation was.

When Richard awoke he was much surprised at missing
30 Alberic, but Osmond said he was gone into the town to Thibault the armourer, and this was a message on which he was so likely to be employed that Richard's suspicion was not excited. All the time he was dressing he talked

about the king, and everything he meant to show him that day ; then, when he was ready, the first thing was as usual to go to attend morning mass.

‘Not by that way to-day, my lord,’ said Osmond, as Richard was about to enter the great hall. ‘It is crowded with the French who have been sleeping there all night : come to the postern.’

Osmond turned as he spoke, along the passage, walking fast, and not sorry that Richard was lingering a little, as it was safer for him to be first. The postern was, as he 10 expected, guarded by two tall steel-cased figures, who immediately held their lances across the doorway, saying, ‘None passes without warrant.’

‘You will surely let us of the castle attend to our daily business,’ said Osmond. ‘You will hardly break your fast this morning if you stop all communication with the town.’

‘You must bring warrant,’ repeated one of the men-at-arms. Osmond was beginning to say that he was the son of the Seneschal of the Castle, when Richard came hastily up. 20

‘What ? Do these men want to stop us ?’ he exclaimed in the imperious manner he had begun to take up since his accession. ‘Let us go on, sirs.’

The men-at-arms looked at each other, and guarded the door more closely. Osmond saw it was hopeless, and only wanted to draw his young charge back without being recognised, but Richard exclaimed loudly, ‘What means this ?’

‘The king has given orders that none should pass without warrant,’ was Osmond’s answer. ‘We must wait.’ 30

‘I will pass !’ said Richard, impatient at opposition, to which he was little accustomed. ‘What mean you, Osmond ? This is my castle, and no one has a right to

stop me. Do you hear, grooms? Let me go. I am the Duke!’

The sentinels bowed, but all they said was, ‘Our orders are express.’

‘I tell you I am Duke of Normandy, and I will go where I please in my own city!’ exclaimed Richard, passionately pressing against the crossed staves of the weapons, to force his way between them, but he was caught and held fast in the powerful gauntlet of one of
10 the men-at-arms.

‘Let me go, villain!’ cried he, struggling with all his might. ‘Osmond, Osmond, help!’

Even as he spoke Osmond had disengaged him from the grasp of the Frenchman, and putting his hand on his arm said, ‘Nay, my Lord, it is not for you to strive with such as these.’

‘I will strive!’ cried the boy. ‘I will not have my way barred in my own castle. I will tell the king how these rogues of his use me. I will have them in the
20 dungeon. Sir Eric, where is Sir Eric?’

Away he rushed to the stairs, Osmond hurrying after him, lest he should throw himself into some fresh danger, or by his loud calls attract the French, who might then easily make him prisoner. However, on the very first step of the stairs stood Sir Eric, who was too anxious for the success of the attempt to escape to be very far off. Richard, too angry to heed where he was going, dashed up against him without seeing him, and as the old Baron took hold of him, began, ‘Sir Eric, Sir Eric, those French are
30 villains! they will not let me pass——.’

‘Hush! hush! my lord,’ said Sir Eric. ‘Silence! come here.’

However imperious with others, Richard from force of

habit always obeyed Sir Eric, and now allowed himself to be dragged hastily and silently by him, Osmond following closely, up the stairs, up a second and a third winding flight, still narrower, and with broken steps, to a small round thick-walled turret chamber, with an extremely small door, and loop-holes of windows high up in the tower. Here, to his great surprise, he found Dame Astrida, kneeling and telling her beads, two or three of her maidens, and about four of the Norman squires and men-at-arms.

‘So you have failed, Osmond?’ said the Baron. 10

‘But what is all this? How did Fru Astrida come up here? May I not go to the king, and have those insolent Franks punished?’

‘Listen to me, Lord Richard,’ said Sir Eric; ‘that smooth-spoken king, whose words so charmed you last night, is an ungrateful deceiver. The Franks have always hated and feared the Normans, and not being able to conquer us fairly, they now take to foul means. Louis came hither from Flanders, he has brought this great troop of French to surprise us, claim you as a ward of the crown, 20 and carry you away with him to some prison of his own.’

‘You will not let me go?’ said Richard.

‘Not while I live,’ said Sir Eric. ‘Alberic is gone to warn the Count of Harcourt to call the Normans together, and here we are ready to defend this chamber to our last breath; but we are few, the French are many, and success may be far off.’

‘Then you meant to have taken me out of their reach this morning, Osmond?’

‘Yes, my Lord.’ 30

‘And if I had not flown into a passion and told who I was, I might have been safe! Oh, Sir Eric! Sir Eric! you will not let me be carried off to a French prison?’

'Here, my child,' said Dame Astrida, holding out her arms, 'Sir Eric will do all he can for you, but we are in God's hands.' Richard came and leant against her.

'I wish I had not been in a passion!' said he, sadly, after a silence; then looking at her in wonder, 'But how came you up all this way?'

'It is a long way for my old limbs,' said Fru Astrida, smiling, 'but my son helped me, and he deems it the only safe place in the castle.'

10 'The safest,' said Sir Eric, 'and that is not saying much for it.'

'Hark!' said Osmond, 'what a tramping the Franks are making. They are beginning to wonder where the Duke is.'

'To the stairs, Osmond,' said Sir Eric. 'On that narrow step one man can keep them at bay a long time. You can speak their jargon, too, and hold parley with them.'

'Perhaps they will think I am gone,' whispered Richard, 'if they cannot find me, and go away.'

Osmond and two of the Normans were, as he spoke, 20 taking their stand on the narrow spiral stair, where there was just room for one man on the step. Osmond was the lowest, the other two above him, and it would have been very hard for an enemy to force his way past them.

Osmond could plainly hear the sounds of the steps and voices of the French as they consulted together, and sought for the Duke. A man at length was heard clanking up these very stairs, till winding round he suddenly found himself close upon young de Ceuteville.

'Ha! Norman!' he cried, starting back in amazement, 30 'what are you doing here?'

'My duty,' answered Osmond, shortly. 'I am here to guard this stair;' and his drawn sword expressed the same intention.

The Frenchman drew back, and presently a whispering below was heard, and soon after a voice came up the stairs, saying, 'Norman, good Norman——'

'What would you say?' replied Osmond, and the head of another Frank appeared.

'What means all this, my friend?' was the address. 'Our king comes as a guest to you, and you received him last evening as loyal vassals. Wherefore have you now drawn out of the way, and striven to bear off your young Duke into secret places? Truly it looks not well that you should thus strive to keep him apart, and therefore the king requires to see him instantly.'

'Sir Frenchman,' replied Osmond, 'your king claims the Duke as his ward. How that may be, my father knows not, but as he was committed to his charge by the states of Normandy, he holds himself bound to keep him in his own hands until further orders from them.'

'That means, insolent Norman, that you intend to shut the boy up and keep him in your own rebel hands. You had best yield: it will be the better for you and for him. The child is the king's ward, and he shall not be left to be nurtured in rebellion by northern pirates.'

At this moment a cry from without arose, so loud as almost to drown the voices of the speakers on the turret stair, a cry welcome to the ears of Osmond, repeated by a multitude of voices. 'Haro! Haro! our little Duke!'

It was well known as a Norman shout. So just and so ready to redress all grievances had the old Duke Rollo been, that his very name was an appeal against injustice; and whenever wrong was done, the Norman outcry against the injury was always 'Ha Rollo!' or as it had become shortened, 'Haro.' And now Osmond knew that those,

whose affection had been won by the uprightness of Rollo, were gathering to protect his helpless grandchild.

The cry was likewise heard by the little garrison in the turret chamber, bringing hope and joy. Richard thought himself already rescued, and springing from Fru Astrida, danced about in ecstasy; only longing to see the faithful Normans, whose voices he heard ringing out again and again, in calls for their little Duke and outcries against the Franks. The windows were, however, so high, that nothing
10 could be seen from them but the sky : and, like Richard, the old Baron de Ceuteville was almost beside himself with anxiety to know what force was gathered together, and what measures were being taken. He opened the door, called to his son and asked him if he could tell what was passing, but Osmond knew as little : he could see nothing but the black, cobwebbed, dusty steps winding above his head, while the clamours outside, waxing fiercer and louder, drowned all the sounds which might otherwise have come up to him from the French within the castle. At last,
20 however, Osmond called out to his father in Norse, 'There is a Frank Baron come to entreat, and this time very humbly, that the Duke may come to the king.'

'Tell him,' replied Sir Eric, 'that, save with consent of the council of Normandy, the child leaves not my hands.'

'He says,' called back Osmond, after a moment, 'that you shall guard him yourself, with as many as you choose to bring with you. He declares on the faith of a free Baron that the king has no thought of ill : he wants
30 to show him to the Rouennais without, who are calling for him, and threaten to tear down the tower rather than not see their little Duke. Shall I bid them send a hostage ?'

'Answer him,' returned the Baron, 'that the Duke leaves not this chamber unless a pledge is put into our hands for his safety. There was an oily-tongued count, who sat next the king at supper, let him come hither, and then perchance I may trust the Duke among them.'

Osmond gave the desired reply, which was carried to the king. Meantime the uproar outside grew louder than ever, and there were new sounds, a horn was winded and there was a shout of 'Dieu aide!' the Norman war-cry, joined with 'Notre Dame de Harcourt!' 20

'There, there!' cried Sir Eric, with a long breath, as if relieved of half his anxieties, 'the boy has sped well. Bernard is here at last! Now his head and hand are there, I doubt no longer.'

'Here comes the count,' said Osmond, opening the door, and admitting a stout, burly man who seemed sorely out of breath with the ascent of the steep broken stair and very little pleased to find himself in such a situation. The Baron de Ceuteville augured well from the speed with which he had been sent, thinking it proved great perplexity and distress on the part of Louis. Without waiting to hear his hostage speak, he pointed to a chest on which he had been sitting, and bade two of his men-at-arms stand on each side of the count, saying at the same time to Fru Astrida, 'Now, mother, if aught of evil befalls the child, you know your part. Come, Lord Richard.'

Richard moved forward. Sir Eric held his hand. Osmond kept close behind him, and with as many men-at-arms as could be spared from guarding Fru Astrida and her hostage, he descended the stairs, not by any means 30 sorry to go, for he was weary of being besieged in that turret chamber, whence he could see nothing, and with those friendly cries in his ears, he could not be afraid.

He was conducted to the large council-room which was above the hall. There the king was walking up and down anxiously, looking paler than his wont, and no wonder, for the uproar sounded tremendous there, and now and then a stone dashed against the sides of the deep window.

Nearly at the same moment as Richard entered by one door, Count Bernard de Harcourt came in from the other, and there was a slight lull in the tumult.

‘What means this, my lords?’ exclaimed the king.
 10 ‘Here am I come in all good will, in memory of my warm friendship with Duke William, to take on me the care of his orphan, and hold council with you for avenging his death, and is this the greeting you afford me? You steal away the child, and stir up the rascaille of Rouen against me. Is this the reception for your king?’

‘Sir king,’ replied Bernard, ‘what your intentions may be, I know not. All I do know is, that the burghers of Rouen are fiercely incensed against you, so much so that they were almost ready to tear me to pieces for being
 20 absent at this juncture. They say that you are keeping the child prisoner in his own castle, and that they will have him restored, if they tear it down to the foundations.’

‘You are a true man, a loyal man: you understand my good intentions,’ said Louis trembling, for the Normans were extremely dreaded. ‘You would not bring the shame of rebellion on your town and people. Advise me—I will do just what you counsel me—how shall I appease them?’

‘Take the child, lead him to the window, swear that
 30 you mean him no evil, that you will not take him from us,’ said Bernard. ‘Swear it on the faith of a king.’

‘As a king—as a Christian, it is true!’ said Louis.
 ‘Here, my boy! wherefore shrink from me? What have

I done that you should fear me? You have been listening to evil tales of me, my child. Come hither.'

At a sign from the Count de Harcourt, Sir Eric led Richard forward, and put his hand into the king's. Louis took him to the window, lifted him upon the sill, and stood there with his arm around him, upon which the shout, 'Long live Richard, our little Duke!' arose again. Meantime the two Ceutevilles looked in wonder at the old Harcourt, who shook his head and muttered in his own tongue, 'I will do all I may, but our force is small, 10 and the king has the best of it. We must not yet bring a war on ourselves.'

'Hark! he is going to speak,' said Osmond. 'Fair sirs!—excellent burgesses!' began the king, as the cries lulled a little. 'I rejoice to see the love ye bear to our young Prince! I would all my subjects were equally loyal. But wherefore dread me, as if I were come to injure him? I, who came but to take counsel how to avenge the death of his father, who brought me back from England when I was a friendless exile. Know ye 20 not how deep is the debt of gratitude I owe to Duke William? He it was who made me king—it was he who gained me the love of the King of Germany; he stood godfather for my son—to him I owe all my wealth and state, and all my care is to render guerdon for it to his child, since, alas! I may not to himself. Duke William rests in his bloody grave! It is for me to call his murderers to account, and to cherish his son, even as mine own!'

So saying Louis tenderly embraced the little boy, and 30 the Rouennais below broke out into another cry, in which 'Long live King Louis!' was joined with 'Long live Richard!'

'You will not let the child go?' said Eric meanwhile, to Harcourt.

'Not without provision for his safety; but we are not fit for war as yet, and to let him go is the only means of warding it off.'

Eric groaned and shook his head; but the Count de Harcourt's judgment was of such weight with him, that he never dreamt of disputing it.

'Bring me here,' said the king, 'all that you deem
10 most holy, and you shall see me pledge myself to be your Duke's most faithful friend.'

There was some delay, during which the Norman nobles had time for further council together, and Richard looked wistfully at them, wondering what was to happen to him, and wishing he could venture to ask for Alberic.

Several of the clergy of the cathedral presently appeared in procession, bringing with them the book of the Gospels on which Richard had taken his installation oath, with others of the sacred treasures of the church, preserved in
20 gold cases. The priests were followed by a few of the Norman knights and nobles, some of the burgesses of Rouen, and, to Richard's great joy, by Alberic de Montémar himself. The two boys stood looking eagerly at each other while preparation was being made for the ceremony of the king's oath.

The stone table in the middle of the room was cleared and arranged so as in some degree to resemble the altar in the cathedral; then the Count de Harcourt, standing before it and holding the king's hand, demanded of him whether
30 he would undertake to be the friend, protector, and good lord of Richard, Duke of Normandy, guarding him from all his enemies, and ever seeking his welfare. Louis, with his hand on the Gospels, swore that so he would.

‘Amen!’ returned Bernard the Dane, solemnly. ‘And as thou keepest that oath to the fatherless child, so may the Lord do unto thine house!’

Then followed the ceremony, which had been interrupted the night before, of the homage and oath of allegiance which Richard owed to the king; and, on the other hand, the king’s formal reception of him as a vassal, holding, under him, the two Dukedoms of Normandy and Brittany. ‘And,’ said the king, raising him in his arms, and kissing him, ‘no dearer vassal do I hold in all my realm than this 10 fair child, son of my murdered friend and benefactor—precious to me as my own children, as soon my Queen and I hope to testify.’

Richard did not much like all this embracing; but he was sure the king really meant him no ill, and he wondered at all the distrust the Ceutevilles had shown.

‘Now, brave Normans,’ said the king, ‘be ye ready speedily, for an onset on the traitor Fleming. The cause of my ward is my own cause. Soon shall the trumpet be sounded, and Arnulf, in the flames of his cities, and the 20 blood of his vassals, shall learn to rue the day when his foot trod the isle of Pecquigny! How many Normans can you bring to the muster, Sir Count?’

‘I cannot say within a few hundreds of lances,’ replied the old Dane cautiously; ‘it depends on the numbers that may be engaged in the Italian war with the Saracens; but of this be sure, Sir king, that every man in Normandy and Brittany who can draw a sword or bend a bow, will stand forth in the cause of our little Duke; ay, and that his blessed father’s memory is held so dear in our northern 30 home, that it needs but a message to King Harald Blue-tooth to bring a fleet of long keels into the Seine with stout Danes enough to carry fire and sword not merely

through Flanders but through all France. We of the North are not apt to forget old friendships and favours, Sir King.'

'Yes, yes, I know the Norman faith of old,' returned Louis, uneasily, 'but we should scarcely need such wild allies as you propose; the Count of Paris, and Hubert of Senlis may be reckoned on, I suppose?'

'No truer friend to Normandy than gallant and wise old Hugh the White!' said Bernard; 'and as to Senlis, he is uncle to the boy, and doubly bound to us.'

10 'I rejoice to see your confidence,' said Louis. 'You shall soon hear from me. In the meantime I must return to gather my force together, and summon my great vassals, and I will, with your leave, brave Normans, take with me my dear young ward. His presence will plead better in his cause than the finest words; moreover, he will grow up in love and friendship with my two boys, and shall be nurtured with them in all good learning and chivalry, nor shall he ever be reminded that he is an orphan while under the care of Queen Geberge and myself.'

20 'Let the child come to me, so please you, my lord the king,' answered Harcourt, bluntly. 'I must hold some converse with him ere I can reply.'

'Go then, Richard,' said Louis, 'go to your trusty vassal—happy are you in possessing such a friend; I hope you know his value.'

'Here then, young Sir,' said the count, in his native tongue, when Richard had crossed from the king's side, and stood beside him, 'what say you to this proposal?'

'The king is very kind,' said Richard. 'I am sure he is
30 kind; but I do not like to go from Rouen, or from Dame Astrida.'

'Listen, my Lord,' said the Dane, stooping down and speaking low. 'The king is resolved to have you away;

he has with him the best of his Franks, and has so taken us at unawares that though I might yet rescue you from his hands, it would not be without a fierce struggle, wherein you might be harmed, and this castle and town certainly burnt, and wrested from us. A few weeks or months, and we shall have time to draw our force together, so that Normandy need fear no man, and for that time you must tarry with him.'

'Must I—and all alone?'

'No, not alone, not without the most trusty guardian 10 that can be found for you. Friend Eric, what say you?' and he laid his hand on the Baron's shoulder. 'Yet I know not; true thou art, as a Norwegian mountain, but I doubt me if thy brains are not too dull to see through the French wiles and disguises, sharp as thou didst show thyself last night.'

'That was Osmond, not I,' said Sir Eric. 'He knows their mincing tongue better than I. He were the best to go with the poor child, if go he must.'

'Bethink you, Eric,' said the count, in an under tone. 20 'Osmond is the only hope of your good old house; if there is foul play, the guardian will be the first to suffer.'

'Since you think fit to peril the only hope of all Normandy, I am not the man to hold back my son where he may aid him,' said old Eric, sadly. 'The poor child will be lonely and uncared for there, and it were hard he should not have one faithful comrade and friend with him.'

'It is well,' said Bernard: 'young as he is, I had rather trust Osmond with the child than any one else, for he is 30 ready of council, and quick of hand.'

'Ay, and a pretty pass it has come to,' muttered old Ceuteville, 'that we whose business it is to guard the

boy should send him where you scarcely like to trust my son.'

Bernard paid no further attention to him; but, coming forward, required another oath from the king, that Richard should be as safe and free at his court as at Rouen, and that on no pretence whatsoever should he be taken from under the immediate care of his Esquire, Osmond Fitz Eric, heir of Ceuteville.

After this the king was impatient to depart, and all was
 10 preparation. Bernard called Osmond aside to give full instructions on his conduct, and the means of communicating with Normandy, and Richard was taking leave of Fru Astrida, who had now descended from her turret, bringing her hostage with her. She wept much over her little Duke, praying that he might be safely restored to Normandy, even though she might not live to see it; she exhorted him not to forget the good and holy learning in which he had been brought up, to rule his temper, and above all to say his prayers constantly, never leaving out
 20 any, as the beads of his rosary reminded him of their order.

As to her own grandson, anxiety for him seemed almost lost in her fears for Richard, and the chief things she said to him, when he came to take leave of her, were directions as to the care he was to take of the child, telling him the honour he now received was one which would make his name for ever esteemed if he did but fulfil his trust, the most precious that Norman had ever yet received.

'I will, grandmother, to the very best of my power,' said
 30 Osmond. 'I may die in his cause, but never will I be faithless!'

'Alberic,' said Richard, 'are you glad to be going back to Montémar?'

‘Yes, my Lord,’ answered Alberic sturdily, ‘as glad as you will be to come back to Rouen.’

‘Then I shall send for you directly, Alberic, for I shall never love the Princess Carloman and Lothaire half as well as you.’

‘My Lord the King is waiting for the Duke,’ said a Frenchman coming forward.

‘Farewell, then, Fru Astrida. Do not weep. I shall soon come back. Farewell Alberic. Take the bar-tailed falcon back to Montémar, and keep him for my sake. 10 Farewell Sir Eric. Farewell Count Bernard. When the Normans come to conquer Arnulf, you will lead them. O dear, dear Fru Astrida, farewell again.’

‘Farewell my own darling, the blessing of Heaven go with you, and bring you safe home! Farewell, Osmond, Heaven guard you, and strengthen you to be his shield and his defence!’

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

THE KEYS OF CALAIS.

NOWHERE does the continent of Europe approach Great Britain so closely as at the straits of Dover, and when our sovereigns were full of the vain hope of obtaining the crown of France, or at least of regaining the great possessions that their forefathers had owned as French nobles, there was no spot so coveted by them as the fortress of Calais, the possession of which gave an entrance into France.

Thus it was that when, in 1346, Edward III. had beaten
10 Philippe VI. at the battle of Crécy, the first use he made of his victory was to march upon Calais, and lay siege to it. The walls were exceedingly strong and solid, mighty defences of masonry, of huge thickness and like rocks for solidity guarded it, and the king knew that it would be useless to attempt a direct assault. Indeed, during all the middle ages, the modes of protecting fortifications were far more efficient than the modes of attacking them. The walls could be made enormously massive, the towers raised to a great height, and the defenders so completely
20 sheltered by battlements that they could not easily be injured, and could take aim from the top of their turrets, or from their loop-hole windows. The gates had absolute little castles of their own, a moat flowed round the walls full of water, and only capable of being crossed by a drawbridge, behind which the portcullis, a grating armed

beneath with spikes, was always ready to drop from the archway of the gate and close up the entrance. The only chance of taking a fortress by direct attack was to fill up the moat with earth and faggots, and then raise ladders against the walls; or else to drive engines against the defences, battering-rams which struck them with heavy beams, mangonels which launched stones, sows whose arched wooden backs protected troops of workmen who tried to undermine the wall, and moving towers consisting of a succession of stages or shelves, filled with soldiers, and 10 with a bridge with iron hooks, capable of being launched from the highest storey to the top of the battlements. The besieged could generally disconcert the battering-ram by hanging beds or mattresses over the walls to receive the brunt of the blow, the sows could be crushed with heavy stones, the towers burnt by well-directed flaming missiles, the ladders overthrown, and in general the besiegers suffered a great deal more damage than they could inflict. Cannon had indeed just been brought into use at the battle of Crecy, but they only consisted of iron bars fastened 20 together with hoops, and were as yet of little use, and thus there seemed to be little danger to a well-guarded city from any enemy outside the walls.

King Edward arrived before the place with all his victorious army early in August, his good knights and squires arrayed in glittering steel armour, covered with surcoats richly embroidered with their heraldic bearings; his stout men-at-arms, each of whom was attended by three bold followers; and his archers, with their cross-bows to shoot bolts, and long-bows to shoot arrows of a yard long, so 30 that it used to be said that each went into battle with three men's lives under his girdle, namely the three arrows he kept there ready to his hand. With the king was his

son, Edward, Prince of Wales, who had just won the golden spurs of knighthood so gallantly at Crecy, when only in his seventeenth year, and likewise the famous Hainault knight, Sir Walter Mauny, and all that was noblest and bravest in England.

This whole glittering army, at their head the king's great royal standard bearing the golden lilies of France quartered with the lions of England, and each troop guided by the square banner, swallow-tailed pennon or pointed pennoncel
10 of their leader, came marching to the gates of Calais, above which floated the blue standard of France with its golden flowers, and with it the banner of the governor, Sir Jean de Vienne. A herald, in a rich long robe embroidered with the arms of England, rode up to the gate, a trumpet sounding before him, and called upon Sir Jean de Vienne to give up the place to Edward, King of England, and of France, as he claimed to be. Sir Jean made answer that he held the town for Philippe, King of France, and that he would defend it to the last; the herald rode back again
20 and the English began the siege of the city.

At first they only encamped, and the people of Calais must have seen the whole plain covered with the white canvas tents, marshalled round the ensigns of the leaders, and here and there a more gorgeous one displaying the colours of the owner. Still there was no attack upon the walls. The warriors were to be seen walking about in the leathern suits they wore under their armour; or if a party was to be seen with their coats of mail on, helmet on head, and lance in hand, it was not against Calais that they came;
30 they rode out into the country, and by and by might be seen driving back before them herds of cattle and flocks of sheep or pigs that they had seized and taken away from the poor peasants; and at night the sky would show red

THE KEYS OF CALAIS

lights where of my lady the Queen, for I hold my lands of
After a time, rather is to you, not to her.'

seen hard at work was not displeased with his squire's sturdy-
for themselves, and a knight, gave him a pension of £500
broom. These would him to surrender his prisoner to the
streets, and there was representative. This was accordingly
every Saturday came: was lodged in the Tower of London.
meat, and hay for the before All Saints' Day, there was a
and Flemish weavers were seen crossing from the white cliffs
bring cloth, bread, weapons, and his knights rode down 10
needed to be sold in this welcome plump, fair-haired Queen

The Governor, Sir Jean de Calais, who had come in great
that the King did not mean, and, fathers, or brothers in the
vain attacks on the strong was a great court, and numerous
the entrance by land, and watchmen and squires were con-
prevent any provisions from being bravest deed of prowess
him into surrendering. Sir Jean of France had placed
hoped that before he should be entangled in the neighbouring
the King of France would be able to stand fast whenever
army and come to his relief, and many bold deeds that 20
determined to do his duty, and hold a great point was to
the last. But as food was already beginning to be scarce
he was obliged to turn out such persons as in supplies, and
and had no stores of their own, and scarcely was brought
morning he caused all the poor to be brought to his garrison
men, women, and children, and sent them to the Abbey of
town, to the number of 1700. It was probable that, thoroughly,
mercy, for he had no food to give them, and guide in a
only have starved miserably within the town, for meat for
hindered him from saving it for his sovereign; but when chased 30
it was dreadful to be driven out of house and nearly
straight down upon the enemy, and they went as they
weeping and wailing, till the English soldiers met the.

son, Edward, Prince of Wales, who had just won that they
spurs of knighthood so gallantly at Crécy, go to eat, and
his seventeenth year, and likewise the for them. King
knight, Sir Walter Mauny, and all that and they go safely
bravest in England. And all rest, and have

This whole glittering army, at their tents for many a day,
royal standard bearing the golden lion of money before they
with the lions of England, and each went on their way
square banner, swallow-tailed pennon had been so kind to
10 of their leader, came marching to

which floated the blue standard King Edward kept watch
flowers, and with it the banner citizens of Calais guarded
de Vienne. A herald, in a raiment by King David II. of
the arms of England, rode and the good Queen Philippa,
sounding before him, and came in the name of her little
give up the place to Edward the forces that were left at home,
France, as he claimed them. And one autumn day, a ship
he held the town for Dover, and a messenger brought
he would defend it to whom his Queen to say that the Scots
20 and the English bravely defeated at Nevil's Cross, near

At first they only their King was a prisoner, but that he
must have seen that a squire named John Copeland, who
canvassed tents, married up to her.

and here and then letters to John Copeland to come to
colours of the and when the squire had made his journey,
walls. The wife him by the hand, saying, 'Ha! welcome,
leathern suit and by his valour has captured our adversary
was to be sent to Scotland.'

and lance in, falling on one knee, replied, 'If God, out of
30 they rode kindness, has given me the King of Scotland, no
seen ought to be jealous of it, for God can, when He
sheep, send His grace to a poor squire as well as to a great
the people Sir, do not take it amiss if I did not surrender him

to the orders of my lady the Queen, for I hold my lands of you, and my oath is to you, not to her.'

The King was not displeased with his squire's sturdiness, but made him a knight, gave him a pension of £500 a year, and desired him to surrender his prisoner to the Queen, as his own representative. This was accordingly done, and King David was lodged in the Tower of London. Soon after, three days before All Saints' Day, there was a large and gay fleet to be seen crossing from the white cliffs of Dover, and the King, his son, and his knights rode down 10 to the landing-place to welcome plump, fair-haired Queen Philippa, and all her train of ladies, who had come in great numbers to visit their husbands, fathers, or brothers in the wooden town. Then there was a great court, and numerous feasts and dances, and the knights and squires were constantly striving who could do the bravest deed of prowess to please the ladies. The King of France had placed numerous knights and men-at-arms in the neighbouring towns and castles, and there were constant fights whenever the English went out foraging, and many bold deeds that 20 were much admired were done. The great point was to keep provisions out of the town, and there was much fighting between the French who tried to bring in supplies, and the English who intercepted them. Very little was brought in by land, and Sir Jean de Vienne and his garrison would have been quite starved but for two sailors of Abbeville, named Marant and Mestriel, who knew the coast thoroughly, and often, in the dark autumn evenings, would guide in a whole fleet of little boats, loaded with bread and meat for the starving men within the city. They were often chased 30 by King Edward's vessels, and were sometimes very nearly taken, but they always managed to escape, and thus they still enabled the garrison to hold out.

So all the winter passed, Christmas was kept with brilliant feastings and high merriment by the King and his Queen in their wooden palace outside, and with lean cheeks and scanty fare by the besieged within. Lent was strictly observed perforce by the besieged, and Easter brought a betrothal in the English camp ; a very unwilling one on the part of the bridegroom, the young Count of Flanders, who loved the French much better than the English, and had only been tormented into giving his consent by his unruly
 10 vassals because they depended on the wool of English sheep for their cloth works. So, though King Edward's daughter Isabel was a beautiful fair-haired girl of fifteen, the young Count would scarcely look at her ; and in the last week before the marriage day, while her robes and her jewels were being prepared, and her father and mother were arranging the presents they should make to all their court on the wedding-day, the bridegroom, when out hawking, gave his attendants the slip, and galloped off to Paris, where he was welcomed by King Philippe.

20 This made Edward very wrathful, and more than ever determined to take Calais. About Whitsuntide he completed a great wooden castle upon the sea-shore, and placed in it numerous warlike engines, with forty men-at-arms and 200 archers, who kept such a watch upon the harbour that not even the two Abbeville sailors could enter it, without having their boats crushed and sunk by the great stones that the mangonels launched upon them. The townspeople began to feel what hunger really was, but their spirits were kept up by the hope that their King was at
 30 last collecting an army for their rescue.

And Philippe did collect all his forces, a great and noble army, and came one night to the hill of Sangate, just behind the English army, the knights' armour glancing and

their pennons flying in the moonlight, so as to be a beautiful sight to the hungry garrison who could see the white tents pitched upon the hill-side. Still there were but two roads by which the French could reach their friends in the town—one along the sea-coast, the other by a marshy road higher up the country, and there was but one bridge by which the river could be crossed. The English King's fleet could prevent any troops from passing along the coast road, the Earl of Derby guarded the bridge, and there was a great tower, strongly fortified, close upon Calais. There were a 10 few skirmishes, but the French King, finding it difficult to force his way to relieve the town, sent a party of knights with a challenge to King Edward to come out of his camp and do battle upon a fair field.

To this Edward made answer, that he had been nearly a year before Calais, and had spent large sums of money on the siege, and that he had nearly become master of the place, so that he had no intention of coming out only to gratify his adversary, who must try some other road if he could not make his way in by that before him. 20

Three days were spent in parleys, and then, without the slightest effort to rescue the brave, patient men within the town, away went King Philippe of France, with all his men, and the garrison saw the host that had crowded the hill of Sangate melt away like a summer cloud.

August had come again, and they had suffered privation for a whole year for the sake of the King who deserted them at their utmost need. They were in so grievous a state of hunger and distress that the hardiest could endure no more, for ever since Whitsuntide no fresh 30 provisions had reached them. The Governor, therefore, went to the battlements and made signs that he wished to hold a parley, and the King appointed Lord Basset

and Sir Walter Mauny to meet him, and appoint the terms of surrender.

The Governor owned that the garrison was reduced to the greatest extremity of distress, and requested that the King would be contented with obtaining the city and fortress leaving the soldiers and inhabitants to depart in peace.

But Sir Walter Mauny was forced to make answer that the King, his lord, was so much enraged at the delay and expense that Calais had cost him, that he would only consent to receive the whole on unconditional terms, leaving him free to slay, or to ransom, or make prisoners whomsoever he pleased, and he was known to consider that there was a heavy reckoning to pay, both for the trouble the siege had cost him and the damage the Calesians had previously done to his ships.

The brave answer was: 'These conditions are too hard for us. We are but a small number of knights and squires, who have loyally served our lord and master as you would have done, and have suffered much ill and disquiet, but we will endure far more than any man has done in such a post, before we consent that the smallest boy in the town shall fare worse than ourselves. I therefore entreat you, for pity's sake, to return to the King and beg him to have compassion, for I have such an opinion of his gallantry that I think he will alter his mind.'

The King's mind seemed, however, sternly made up; and all that Sir Walter Mauny and the barons of the council could obtain from him was that he would pardon the garrison and townsmen on condition that six of the chief citizens should present themselves to him, coming forth with bare feet and heads, with halters round their necks, carrying the keys of the town, and becoming absolutely his own to punish for their obstinacy as he should think fit.

On hearing this reply, Sir Jean de Vienne begged Sir Walter Mauny to wait till he could consult the citizens, and, repairing to the market-place, he caused a great bell to be rung, at sound of which all the inhabitants came together to the town-hall. When he told them of these hard terms he could not refrain from weeping bitterly, and wailing and lamentation arose all around him. Should all starve together, or sacrifice their best and most honoured after all suffering in common so long?

Then a voice was heard: it was that of the richest 10 burgher in the town, Eustache de St. Pierre. 'Messieurs, high and low,' he said, 'it would be a sad pity to suffer so many people to die through hunger, if it could be prevented; and to hinder it would be meritorious in the eyes of our Saviour. I have such faith and trust in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I name myself as first of the six.'

As the burgher ceased, his fellow-townsmen wept aloud, and many, amid tears and groans, threw themselves at his feet in a transport of grief and gratitude. Another citizen, 20 very rich and respected, rose up and said, 'I will be second to my comrade, Eustache.' His name was Jean Daire. After him, Jacques Wissant, another very rich man, offered himself as companion to these, who were both his cousins; and his brother Pierre would not be left behind; and two more, unnamed, made up this gallant band of men willing to offer their lives for the rescue of their fellow-townsmen.

Sir Jean de Vienne mounted a little horse—for he had been wounded, and was still lame—and came to the gate with them, followed by all the people of the town, weeping 30 and wailing, yet, for their own sakes and their children's, not daring to prevent the sacrifice. The gates were opened, the governor and the six passed out, and the gates were

again shut behind them. Sir Jean then rode up to Sir Walter Mauny, and told him how these burghers had voluntarily offered themselves, begging him to do all in his power to save them; and Sir Walter promised with his whole heart to plead their cause. De Vienne then went back into the town, full of heaviness and anxiety; and the six citizens were led by Sir Walter to the presence of the King in his full court. They all knelt down, and the foremost said: 'Most gallant king, you see before you six
 10 burghers of Calais, who have all been capital merchants, and who bring you the keys of the castle and town. We yield ourselves to your absolute will and pleasure, in order to save the remainder of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, out of your nobleness of mind, to have pity on us.'

Strong emotion was excited among all the barons and knights who stood round, as they saw the resigned countenances, pale and thin with patiently-endured hunger, of
 20 these venerable men, offering themselves in the cause of their fellow-townsmen. Many tears of pity were shed; but the King still showed himself implacable, and commanded that they should be led away, and their heads stricken off. Sir Walter Mauny interceded for them with all his might, even telling the King that such an execution would tarnish his honour, and that reprisals would be made on his own garrisons; and all the nobles joined in entreating pardon for the citizens, but still without effect; and the headsman had been actually sent for, when Queen Philippa, her eyes
 30 streaming with tears, threw herself on her knees amongst the captives, and said, 'Ah, gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea, with much danger, to see you, I have never asked you one favour; now I beg as a boon to myself, for the

sake of the Son of the Blessed Mary, and for your love to me, that you will be merciful to these men !'

For some time the King looked at her in silence ; then he exclaimed : ' Dame, dame, would that you had been anywhere than here ! You have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you ; I therefore give these men to you, to do as you please with.'

Joyfully did Queen Philippa conduct the six citizens to her own apartments, where she made them welcome, sent them new garments, entertained them with a plentiful 10 dinner, and dismissed them each with a gift of six nobles. After this, Sir Walter Mauny entered the city, and took possession of it ; retaining Sir Jean de Vienne and the other knights and squires till they should ransom themselves, and sending out the old French inhabitants ; for the King was resolved to people the city entirely with English, in order to gain a thoroughly strong hold of this first step in France.

The King and Queen took up their abode in the city ; and the houses of Jean Daire were, it appears, granted to 20 the Queen—perhaps, because she considered the man himself as her charge, and wished to secure them for him—and her little daughter Margaret was, shortly after, born in one of his houses. Eustache de St. Pierre was taken into high favour, and was placed in charge of the new citizens whom the King placed in the city.

Indeed, as this story is told by no chronicler but Froissart, some have doubted of it, and thought the violent 30 resentment thus imputed to Edward III. inconsistent with his general character ; but it is evident that the men of Calais had given him strong provocation by attacks on his shipping—piracies which are not easily forgiven—and that he considered that he had a right to make an example of

them. It is not unlikely that he might, after all, have intended to forgive them, and have given the Queen the grace of obtaining their pardon, so as to excuse himself from the fulfilment of some over-hasty threat. But, however this may have been, nothing can lessen the glory of the six grave and patient men who went forth, by their own free will, to meet what might be a cruel and disgraceful death, in order to obtain the safety of their fellow-townsmen.

- 10 Very recently, in the summer of 1864, an instance has occurred of self-devotion worthy to be recorded with that of Eustache de St. Pierre. The City of Palmyra, in Tennessee, one of the Southern States of America, had been occupied by a Federal army. An officer of this army was assassinated and, on the cruel and mistaken system of taking reprisals, the general arrested ten of the principal inhabitants, and condemned them to be shot, as deeming the city responsible for the lives of his officers. One of
 20 them was the highly respected father of a large family, and could ill be spared. A young man, not related to him, upon this, came forward and insisted on being taken in his stead, as a less valuable life. And great as was the distress of his friends, this generous substitution was carried out, and not only spared a father to his children, but showed how the sharpest strokes of barbarity can still elicit light from the dark stone—light that but for these blows might have slept unseen.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

MURAD THE UNLUCKY

CHAPTER I.

It is well known that the Grand Seignior amuses himself by going at night, in disguise, through the streets of Constantinople; as the caliph, Haroun Alraschid, used formerly to do in Bagdad.

One moonlight night, accompanied by his grand vizier, he traversed several of the principal streets of the city, without seeing anything remarkable. At length, as they were passing a rope-maker's, the sultan recollected the Arabian story of Cogia-Hassan Alhabal, the rope-maker, and his two friends, Saad and Saadi, who differed so much 10 in their opinion concerning the influence of fortune over human affairs.

'What is your opinion on this subject?' said the Grand Seignior to his vizier.

'I am inclined, please your majesty,' replied the vizier, 'to think that success in the world depends more upon prudence than upon what is called luck, or fortune.'

'And I,' said the sultan, 'am persuaded that fortune does more for men than prudence. Do you not every day hear of persons who are said to be fortunate or unfortu- 20 nate? How comes it that this opinion should prevail amongst men, if it be not justified by experience?'

'It is not for me to dispute with your majesty,' replied the prudent vizier.

'Speak your mind freely; I desire and command it,' said the Sultan.

'Then I am of opinion,' answered the vizier, 'that people are often led to believe others fortunate, or unfortunate, merely because they only know the general outline of their histories, and are ignorant of the incidents and events in which they have shown prudence or imprudence. 10 I have heard, for instance, that there are at present, in this city, two men, who are remarkable for their good and bad fortune: one is called *Murad the Unlucky*, and the other *Saladin the Lucky*. Now I am inclined to think, if we could hear their stories, we should find that one is a prudent and the other an imprudent character.'

'Where do these men live?' interrupted the sultan. 'I will hear their histories from their own lips, before I sleep.'

'Murad the Unlucky lives in the next square,' said the vizier.

20 The sultan desired to go thither immediately. Scarcely had they entered the square when they heard the cry of loud lamentations. They followed the sound till they came to a house of which the door was open, and where there was a man tearing his turban, and weeping bitterly. They asked the cause of his distress, and he pointed to the fragments of a china vase, which lay on the pavement at his door.

'This seems undoubtedly to be beautiful china,' said the sultan, taking up one of the broken pieces; 'but can the 30 loss of a china vase be the cause of such violent grief and despair?'

'Ah, gentlemen,' said the owner of the vase, suspending his lamentations, and looking at the dress of the pretended

merchants, 'I see that you are strangers: you do not know how much cause I have for grief and despair! You do not know that you are speaking to Murad the Unlucky! Were you to hear all the unfortunate accidents that have happened to me, from the time I was born till this instant, you would perhaps pity me, and acknowledge I have just cause for despair.'

Curiosity was strongly expressed by the sultan; and the hope of obtaining sympathy inclined Murad to gratify it by the recital of his adventures. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 10 'I scarcely dare invite you into the house of such an unlucky being as I am; but, if you will venture to take a night's lodging under my roof, you shall hear at your leisure the story of my misfortunes.'

The sultan and the vizier excused themselves from spending the night with Murad; saying that they were obliged to proceed to their khañ, where they should be expected by their companions: but they begged permission to repose themselves for half an hour in his house, and besought him to relate the history of his life, if it would 20 not renew his grief too much to recollect his misfortunes.

Few men are so miserable as not to like to talk of their misfortunes, where they have, or where they think they have, any chance of obtaining compassion. As soon as the pretended merchants were seated, Murad began his story in the following manner:

'My father was a merchant of this city. The night before I was born, he dreamed that I came into the world with the head of a dog and the tail of a dragon; and that, in haste to conceal my deformity, he rolled me up in a 30 piece of linen, which unluckily proved to be the Grand Seignior's turban, who, enraged at his insolence in touching his turban, commanded that his head should be struck off.

‘My father awaked before he lost his head, but not before he had lost half his wits from the terror of his dream. He considered it as a warning sent from above, and consequently determined to avoid the sight of me. He would not stay to see whether I should really be born with the head of a dog and the tail of a dragon ; but he set out, the next morning, on a voyage to Aleppo.

‘He was absent for upwards of seven years ; and during that time my education was totally neglected. One day I
10 inquired from my mother why I had been named Murad the Unlucky. She told me that this name was given to me in consequence of my father’s dream ; but she added that, perhaps, it might be forgotten, if I proved fortunate in my future life. My nurse, a very old woman, who was present, shook her head, with a look which I shall never forget, and whispered to my mother loud enough for me to hear, “Unlucky he was, and is, and ever will be. Those
20 that are born to ill luck cannot help themselves ; nor can any, but the great prophet, Mahomet himself, do anything for them. It is a folly for an unlucky person to strive with their fate : it is better to yield to it at once.”

‘This speech made a terrible impression upon me, young as I then was ; and every accident that happened to me afterwards confirmed my belief in my nurse’s prognostic. I was in my eighth year when my father returned from abroad. The year after he came home my brother Saladin was born, who was named Saladin the Lucky, because the day he was born, a vessel freighted with rich merchandise for my father arrived safely in port.

30 ‘I will not weary you with a relation of all the little instances of good fortune by which my brother Saladin was distinguished, even during his childhood. As he grew up, his success in everything he undertook was as remark-

able as my ill luck in all that I attempted. From the time the rich vessel arrived, we lived in splendour; and the supposed prosperous state of my father's affairs was of course attributed to the influence of my brother Saladin's happy destiny.

'When Saladin was about twenty, my father was taken dangerously ill; and as he felt that he should not recover, he sent for my brother to the side of his bed, and, to his great surprise, informed him that the magnificence in which we had lived had exhausted all his wealth; that his affairs were in the greatest disorder; for, having trusted to the hope of continual success, he had embarked in projects beyond his powers.

'The sequel was he had nothing remaining to leave to his children but two large china vases, remarkable for their beauty, but still more valuable on account of certain verses inscribed upon them in an unknown character, which were supposed to operate as a talisman or charm in favour of their possessors.

'Both these vases my father bequeathed to my brother Saladin; declaring he could not venture to leave either of them to me, because I was so unlucky that I should inevitably break it. After his death, however, my brother Saladin, who was blessed with a generous temper, gave me my choice of the two vases; and endeavoured to raise my spirits, by repeating frequently that he had no faith either in good fortune or ill fortune.

'I could not be of his opinion, though I felt and acknowledged his kindness in trying to persuade me out of my settled melancholy. I knew it was in vain for me to exert myself, because I was sure that, do what I would, I should still be Murad the Unlucky. My brother, on the contrary, was nowise cast down, even by the poverty in which my

father left us: he said he was sure he should find some means of maintaining himself, and so he did.

‘On examining our china vases, he found in them a powder of a bright scarlet colour; and it occurred to him that it would make a fine dye. He tried it, and after some trouble, it succeeded to admiration.

‘During my father’s lifetime, my mother had been supplied with rich dresses by one of the merchants who was employed by the ladies of the Grand Seignior’s seraglio.
10 My brother had done this merchant some trifling favours; and, upon application to him, he readily engaged to recommend the new scarlet dye. Indeed it was so beautiful, that, the moment it was seen, it was preferred to every other colour. Saladin’s shop was soon crowded with customers; and his winning manners and pleasant conversation were almost as advantageous to him as his scarlet dye. On the contrary, I observed that the first glance at my melancholy countenance was sufficient to disgust every one who saw me. I perceived this plainly; and it only
20 confirmed me the more in my belief in my own evil destiny.

‘It happened one day that a lady, richly apparelled and attended by two female slaves, came to my brother’s house to make some purchases. He was out, and I alone was left to attend to the shop. After she had looked over some goods, she chanced to see my china vase, which was in the room. She took a prodigious fancy to it, and offered me any price if I would part with it; but this I declined doing, because I believed that I should draw down upon my head
30 some dreadful calamity, if I voluntarily relinquished the talisman. Irritated by my refusal, the lady, according to the custom of her sex, became more resolute in her purpose; but neither entreaties nor money could change my deter-

mination. Provoked beyond measure at my obstinacy, as she called it, she left the house.

‘On my brother’s return, I related to him what had happened, and expected that he would have praised me for my prudence; but, on the contrary, he blamed me for the superstitious value I set upon the verses on my vase; and observed that it would be the height of folly to lose a certain means of advancing my fortune, for the uncertain hope of magical protection. I could not bring myself to be of his opinion; I had not the courage to follow the advice 10 he gave. The next day the lady returned, and my brother sold his vase to her for ten thousand pieces of gold. This money he laid out in the most advantageous manner, by purchasing a new stock of merchandise. I repented, when it was too late; but I believe it is part of the fatality attending certain persons, that they cannot decide rightly at the proper moment. When the opportunity has been lost, I have always regretted that I did not do exactly the contrary to what I had previously determined upon. Often, whilst I was hesitating, the favourable moment passed. Now this is 20 what I call being unlucky. But to proceed with my story.

‘The lady, who bought my brother Saladin’s vase, was the favourite of the sultan, and all-powerful in the seraglio. Her dislike to me, in consequence of my opposition to her wishes, was so violent, that she refused to return to my brother’s house while I remained there. He was unwilling to part with me; but I could not bear to be the ruin of so good a brother. Without telling him my design, I left his house, careless of what should become of me. Hunger, however, soon compelled me to think of some immediate 30 mode of obtaining relief. I sat down upon a stone, before the door of a baker’s shop; the smell of hot bread tempted me in, and with a feeble voice I demanded charity.

‘The master baker gave me as much bread as I could eat, upon condition that I should change dresses with him, and carry the rolls for him through the city this day. To this I readily consented; but I had soon reason to repent of my compliance. Indeed, if my ill luck had not, as usual, deprived me at this critical moment of memory and judgment, I should never have complied with the baker’s treacherous proposal. For some time before, the people of Constantinople had been much dissatisfied with the weight
10 and quality of the bread furnished by the bakers. This species of discontent has often been the sure forerunner of an insurrection; and, in these disturbances, the master bakers frequently lose their lives. All these circumstances I knew; but they did not occur to my memory when they might have been useful.

‘I changed dresses with the baker; but scarcely had I proceeded through the adjoining streets with my rolls, before the mob began to gather round me, with reproaches and execrations. The crowd pursued me even to the gates
20 of the Grand Seignior’s palace; and the grand vizier, alarmed at their violence, sent out an order to have my head struck off; the usual remedy, in such cases, being to strike off the baker’s head.

‘I now fell upon my knees, and protested I was not the baker for whom they took me; that I had no connection with him; and that I had never furnished the people of Constantinople with bread that was not weight. I declared I had merely changed clothes with a master baker, for this day; and that I should not have done so, but for the evil
30 destiny which governs all my actions. Some of the mob exclaimed that I deserved to lose my head for my folly; but others took pity on me, and whilst the officer, who was sent to execute the vizier’s order, turned to speak to some

of the noisy rioters, those who were touched by my misfortune opened a passage for me through the crowd, and, thus favoured, I effected my escape.

‘I quitted Constantinople : my vase I had left in the care of my brother. At some miles’ distance from the city, I overtook a party of soldiers. I joined them ; and learning that they were going to embark with the rest of the Grand Seignior’s army for Egypt, I resolved to accompany them. If it be, thought I, the will of Mahomet that I should perish, the sooner I meet my fate the better. The 10 despondency into which I was sunk was attended by so great a degree of indolence, that I scarcely would take the necessary means to preserve my existence. During our passage to Egypt, I sat all day long upon the deck of the vessel, smoking my pipe ; and I am convinced that if a storm had risen, as I expected, I should not have taken my pipe from my mouth, nor should I have handled a rope, to save myself from destruction. Such is the effect of that species of resignation or torpor, whichever you please to call it, to which my strong 20 belief in *fatality* had reduced my mind.

‘We landed, however, safely, contrary to my melancholy forebodings. By a trifling accident, not worth relating, I was detained longer than any of my companions in the vessel when we disembarked ; and I did not arrive at the camp till late at night. It was moonlight, and I could see the whole scene distinctly. There was a vast number of small tents scattered over a desert of white sand ; a few date trees were visible at a distance ; all was gloomy, and all still ; no sound was to be heard but that of the camels 30 feeding near the tents ; and, as I walked on, I met with no human creature.

‘My pipe was now out, and I quickened my pace a little

towards a fire, which I saw near one of the tents. As I proceeded, my eye was caught by something sparkling in the sand: it was a ring. I picked it up, and put it on my finger, resolving to give it to the public crier the next morning, who might find out its rightful owner: but by ill luck, I put it on my little finger, for which it was much too large; and as I hastened towards the fire to light my pipe, I dropped the ring. I stooped to search for it amongst the provender on which a mule was feeding; and the cursed
 10 animal gave me so violent a kick on the head, that I could not help roaring aloud.

‘My cries awakened those who slept in the tent near which the mule was feeding. Provoked at being disturbed, the soldiers were ready enough to think ill of me; and they took it for granted that I was a thief, who had stolen the ring I pretended to have just found. The ring was taken from me by force; and the next day I was bastinadoed for having found it: the officer persisting in the belief that stripes would make me confess where I had
 20 concealed certain other articles of value, which had lately been missed in the camp. All this was the consequence of my being in a hurry to light my pipe, and of my having put the ring on a finger that was too little for it; which no one but Murad the Unlucky would have done.

‘When I was able to walk again after my wounds were healed, I went into one of the tents distinguished by a red flag, having been told that these were coffee-houses. Whilst I was drinking coffee, I heard a stranger near me complaining that he had not been able to recover a valuable ring he
 30 had lost; although he had caused his loss to be published for three days by the public crier, offering a reward of two hundred sequins to whoever should restore it. I guessed that this was the very ring which I had unfortunately

found. I addressed myself to the stranger, and promised to point out to him the person who had forced it from me. The stranger recovered his ring ; and, being convinced that I had acted honestly, he made me a present of two hundred sequins, as some amends for the punishment which I had unjustly suffered on his account.

‘Now, you would imagine that this purse of gold was advantageous to me : far the contrary ; it was the cause of new misfortunes.

‘One night, when I thought that the soldiers who were 10 in the same tent with me were all fast asleep, I indulged myself in the pleasure of counting my treasure. The next day, I was invited by my companions to drink sherbet with them. What they mixed with the sherbet which I drank, I know not ; but I could not resist the drowsiness it brought on. I fell into a profound slumber ; and, when I awoke, I found myself lying under a date tree, at some distance from the camp.

‘The first thing I thought of, when I came to my recollection, was my purse of sequins. The purse I found still 20 safe in my girdle ; but, on opening it, I perceived that it was filled with pebbles, and not a single sequin was left. I had no doubt that I had been robbed by the soldiers with whom I had drunk sherbet ; and I am certain that some of them must have been awake the night I counted my money ; otherwise, as I had never trusted the secret of my riches to any one, they could not have suspected me of possessing any property ; for, ever since I kept company with them, I had appeared to be in great indigence.

‘I applied in vain to the superior officers for redress: the 30 soldiers protested they were innocent ; no positive proof appeared against them, and I gained nothing by my complaint but ridicule and ill-will. I called myself, in the first

transport of my grief, by that name which, since my arrival in Egypt, I had avoided to pronounce: I called myself Murad the Unlucky! The name and the story ran through the camp; and I was accosted afterwards, very frequently, by this appellation. Some indeed varied their wit, by calling me Murad with the purse of pebbles.

‘All that I had yet suffered is nothing compared to my succeeding misfortunes.

‘It was the custom at this time, in the Turkish camp, for
10 the soldiers to amuse themselves with firing at a mark. The superior officers remonstrated against this dangerous practice, but ineffectually. Sometimes a party of soldiers would stop firing for a few minutes, after a message was brought them from their commanders; and then they would begin again, in defiance of all orders. Such was the want of discipline in our army, that this disobedience went unpunished. In the meantime, the frequency of the danger made most men totally regardless of it. I have seen tents pierced with bullets, in which parties were quietly seated
20 smoking their pipes, whilst those without were preparing to take fresh aim at the red flag on the top.

‘This apathy proceeded, in some, from unconquerable indolence of body; in others, from the intoxication produced by the fumes of tobacco and of opium; but in most of my brother Turks it arose from the confidence which the belief in predestination inspired. When a bullet killed one of their companions, they only observed, scarcely taking the pipes from their mouths, “Our hour is not yet come: it is not the will of Mahomet that we should fall.”

30 ‘I own that this rash security appeared to me, at first, surprising; but it soon ceased to strike me with wonder; and it even tended to confirm my favourite opinion, that some were born to good and some to evil fortune. I

became almost as careless as my companions, from following the same course of reasoning. It is not, thought I, in the power of human prudence to avert the stroke of destiny. I shall perhaps die to-morrow; let me therefore enjoy to-day.

‘I now made it my study every day to procure as much amusement as possible. My poverty, as you will imagine, restricted me from indulgence and excess; but I soon found means to spend what did not actually belong to me. There were certain Jews who were followers of the camp, and 10 who, calculating on the probability of victory for our troops, advanced money to the soldiers; for which they engaged to pay these usurers exorbitant interest. The Jew to whom I applied traded with me also upon the belief that my brother Saladin, with whose character and circumstances he was acquainted, would pay my debts if I should fall. With the money I raised from the Jew I continually bought coffee and opium, of which I grew immoderately fond. In the delirium it created, I forgot all my misfortunes, all fear of the future. 20

‘One day, when I had raised my spirits by an unusual quantity of opium, I was strolling through the camp, sometimes singing, sometimes dancing, like a madman, and repeating that I was not now Murad the Unlucky. Whilst these words were on my lips, a friendly spectator, who was in possession of his sober senses, caught me by the arm, and attempted to drag me from the place where I was exposing myself. “Do you not see,” said he, “those soldiers, who are firing at a mark? I saw one of them, just now, deliberately taking aim at your turban; and, observe, he is 30 now reloading his piece.” My ill-luck prevailed even at this instant, the only instant in my life when I defied its power. I struggled with my adviser, repeating, “I am not

the wretch you take me for ; I am not Murad the Unlucky." He fled from the danger himself : I remained, and in a few seconds afterwards a ball reached me, and I fell senseless on the sand.

'The ball was cut out of my body by an awkward surgeon, who gave me ten times more pain than was necessary. He was particularly hurried, at this time, because the army had just received orders to march in a few hours, and all was confusion in the camp. My wound was excessively
10 painful, and the fear of being left behind with those who were deemed incurable added to my torments. Perhaps, if I had kept myself quiet, I might have escaped some of the evils I afterwards endured ; but, as I have repeatedly told you, gentlemen, it was my ill fortune never to be able to judge what was best to be done till the time for prudence was past.

'During that day, when my fever was at the height, and when my orders were to keep my bed, contrary to my natural habits of indolence, I rose a hundred times, and
20 went out of my tent in the very heat of the day, to satisfy my curiosity as to the number of the tents which had not been struck, and of the soldiers who had not yet marched. The orders to march were tardily obeyed, and many hours elapsed before our encampment was raised. Had I submitted to my surgeon's orders, I might have been in a state to accompany the most dilatory of the stragglers ; I could have borne, perhaps, the slow motion of a litter, on which some of the sick were transported ; but in the evening, when the surgeon came to dress my wounds, he found
30 me in such a situation that it was scarcely possible to remove me.

'He desired a party of soldiers, who were left to bring up the rear, to call for me the next morning. They did so ;

but they wanted to put me upon the mule which I recollected, by a white streak on its back, to be the cursed animal that had kicked me whilst I was looking for the ring. I could not be prevailed upon to go upon this unlucky animal. I tried to persuade the soldiers to carry me, and they took me a little way ; but, soon growing weary of their burden, they laid me down on the sand, pretending that they were going to fill a skin with water at a spring they had discovered, and bade me lie still, and wait for their return.

10

‘I waited and waited, longing for the water to moisten my parched lips; but no water came—no soldiers returned; and there I lay, for several hours, expecting every moment to breathe my last. I made no effort to move, for I was now convinced my hour was come; and that it was the will of Mahomet that I should perish in this miserable manner, and lie unburied like a dog ; a death, thought I, worthy of Murad the Unlucky.

‘My forebodings were not this time just ; a detachment of English soldiers passed near the place where I lay : my 20 groans were heard by them, and they humanely came to my assistance. They carried me with them, dressed my wound, and treated me with the utmost tenderness. Christians though they were, I must acknowledge that I had reason to love them better than any of the followers of Mahomet, my good brother only excepted.

‘Under their care I recovered ; but scarcely had I regained my strength before I fell into new disasters. It was hot weather, and my thirst was excessive. I went out with a party, in hopes of finding a spring of water. The 30 English soldiers began to dig for a well, in a place pointed out to them by one of their men of science. I was not inclined to such hard labour, but preferred sauntering on in

search of a spring. I saw at a distance something that looked like a pool of water; and I pointed it out to my companions. Their man of science warned me by his interpreter not to trust to this deceitful appearance; for that such were common in this country, and that, when I came close to the spot, I should find no water there. He added, that it was at a greater distance than I imagined; and that I should, in all probability, be lost in the desert, if I attempted to follow this phantom.

10 'I was so unfortunate as not to attend to his advice: I set out in pursuit of this accursed delusion, which assuredly was the work of evil spirits, who clouded my reason, and allured me into their dominion. I went on, hour after hour, in expectation continually of reaching the object of my wishes; but it fled faster than I pursued, and I discovered at last that the Englishman, who had doubtless gained his information from the people of the country, was right; and that the shining appearance, which I had taken for water, was a mere deception.

20 'I was now exhausted with fatigue: I looked back in vain after the companions I had left; I could see neither men, animals, nor any trace of vegetation in the sandy desert. I had no resource but, weary as I was, to measure back my footsteps, which were imprinted in the sand.

'I slowly and sorrowfully traced them as my guides in this unknown land. Instead of yielding to my indolent inclinations, I ought, however, to have made the best of my way back, before the evening breeze sprang up. I felt the breeze rising, and, unconscious of my danger, I rejoiced,
30 and opened my bosom to meet it; but what was my dismay when I saw that the wind swept before it all trace of my footsteps in the sand. I knew not which way to proceed; I was struck with despair, tore my garments, threw off my

turban, and cried aloud ; but neither human voice nor echo answered me. The silence was dreadful. I had tasted no food for many hours, and I now became sick and faint. I recollected that I had put a supply of opium into the folds of my turban ; but, alas ! when I took my turban up, I found that the opium had fallen out. I searched for it in vain on the sand where I had thrown the turban.

‘I stretched myself out upon the ground, and yielded without further struggle to my evil destiny. What I suffered from thirst, hunger, and heat, cannot be described ! At last 10 I fell into a sort of trance, during which images of various kinds seemed to flit before my eyes. How long I remained in this state I know not ; but I remember that I was brought to my senses by a loud shout, which came from persons belonging to a caravan returning from Mecca. This was a shout of joy for their safe arrival at a certain spring, well known to them in this part of the desert.

‘The spring was not a hundred yards from the spot where I lay ; yet, such had been the fate of Murad the Unlucky, that he missed the reality, whilst he had been 20 hours in pursuit of the phantom. Feeble and spiritless as I was, I sent forth as loud a cry as I could, in hopes of obtaining assistance ; and I endeavoured to crawl to the place from which the voices appeared to come. The caravan rested for a considerable time whilst the slaves filled the skins with water, and whilst the camels took in their supply. I worked myself on towards them ; yet, notwithstanding my efforts, I was persuaded that, according to my usual ill fortune, I should never be able to make them hear my voice. I saw them mount their camels ! I took off my 30 turban, unrolled it, and waved it in the air. My signal was seen ! The caravan came towards me.

‘I had scarcely strength to speak : a slave gave me some

water ; and, after I had drunk, I explained to them who I was, and how I came into this situation.

‘ Whilst I was speaking, one of the travellers observed the purse which hung to my girdle : it was the same the merchant, for whom I recovered the ring, had given to me ; I had carefully preserved it, because the initials of my benefactor’s name, and a passage from the Koran, were worked upon it. When he gave it to me, he said that, perhaps, we should meet again in some other part of the
10 world, and he should recognise me by this token. The person who now took notice of the purse was his brother ; and when I related to him how I had obtained it, he had the goodness to take me under his protection. He was a merchant, who was now going with the caravan to Grand Cairo : he offered to take me with him, and I willingly accepted the proposal, promising to serve him as faithfully as any of his slaves. The caravan proceeded, and I was carried with it.

CHAPTER II.

‘ THE merchant, who was become my master, treated me
20 with great kindness ; but, on hearing me relate the whole series of my unfortunate adventures, he exacted a promise from me that I would do nothing without first consulting him. “ Since you are so unlucky, Murad,” said he, “ that you always choose for the worst when you choose for yourself, you should trust entirely to the judgment of a wiser or a more fortunate friend.”

‘ I fared well in the service of this merchant, who was a man of a mild disposition, and who was so rich that he could afford to be generous to all his dependants. It was my
30 business to see his camels loaded and unloaded at proper

places, to count his bales of merchandise, and to take care that they were not mixed with those of his companions. This I carefully did, till the day we arrived at Alexandria; when, unluckily, I neglected to count the bales, taking it for granted that they were all right, as I had found them so the preceding day. However, when we were to go on board the vessel that was to take us to Cairo, I perceived that three bales of cotton were missing.

‘I ran to inform my master, who, though a good deal provoked at my negligence, did not reproach me as I 10 deserved. The public crier was immediately sent round the city, to offer a reward for the recovery of the merchandise; and it was restored by one of the merchants’ slaves, with whom we had travelled. The vessel was now under sail; my master and I and the bales of cotton were obliged to follow in a boat; and when we were taken on board, the captain declared he was so loaded that he could not tell where to stow the bales of cotton. After much difficulty, he consented to let them remain upon deck; and I promised my master to watch them night and day. 20

‘We had a prosperous voyage, and were actually in sight of shore, which the captain said we could not fail to reach early the next morning. I stayed, as usual, this night upon deck; and solaced myself by smoking my pipe. Ever since I had indulged in this practice at the camp at El Arish, I could not exist without opium and tobacco. I suppose that my reason was this night a little clouded with the dose I took; but, towards midnight, I was sobered by terror. I started up from the deck on which I had stretched myself; my turban was in flames; the bale of 30 cotton on which I had rested was all on fire. I awakened two sailors, who were fast asleep on deck. The consternation became general, and the confusion increased the

danger. The captain and my master were the most active, and suffered the most in extinguishing the flames: my master was terribly scorched.

‘For my part, I was not suffered to do anything; the captain ordered that I should be bound to the mast; and, when at last the flames were extinguished, the passengers, with one accord, besought him to keep me bound hand and foot, lest I should be the cause of some new disaster. All that had happened was, indeed, occasioned by my ill luck. 10 I had laid my pipe down, when I was falling asleep, upon the bale of cotton that was beside me. The fire from my pipe fell out, and set the cotton in flames. Such was the mixture of rage and terror with which I had inspired the whole crew, that I am sure they would have set me ashore on a desert island, rather than have had me on board for a week longer. Even my humane master, I could perceive, was secretly impatient to get rid of Murad the Unlucky, and his evil fortune.

‘You may believe that I was heartily glad when we 20 landed, and when I was unbound. My master put a purse containing fifty sequins into my hand, and bade me farewell. “Use this money prudently, Murad, if you can,” said he, “and perhaps your fortune may change.” Of this I had little hopes, but determined to lay out my money as prudently as possible.

‘As I was walking through the streets of Grand Cairo, considering how I should lay out my fifty sequins to the greatest advantage, I was stopped by one who called me by my name, and asked me if I could pretend to have 30 forgotten his face. I looked steadily at him, and recollected to my sorrow that he was the Jew Rachub, from whom I had borrowed certain sums of money at the camp of El Arish. What brought him to Grand Cairo, except it

was my evil destiny, I cannot tell. He would not quit me; he would take no excuses; he said he knew that I had deserted twice, once from the Turkish and once from the English army; that I was not entitled to any pay; and that he could not imagine it possible that my brother Saladin would own me, or pay my debts.

‘I replied, for I was vexed by the insolence of this Jewish dog, that I was not, as he imagined, a beggar; that I had the means of paying him my just debt, but that I hoped he would not extort from me all that exorbitant ¹⁰ interest which none but a Jew could exact. He smiled, and answered that, if a Turk loved opium better than money, this was no fault of his; that he had supplied me with what I loved best in the world; and that I ought not to complain, when he expected I should return the favour.

‘I will not weary you, gentlemen, with all the arguments that passed between me and Rachub. At last we compromised matters; he would take nothing less than the whole debt: but he let me have at a very cheap rate a ²⁰ chest of second-hand clothes, by which he assured me I might make my fortune. He brought them to Grand Cairo, he said, for the purpose of selling them to slave merchants, who, at this time of the year, were in want of them to supply their slaves; but he was in haste to get home to his wife and family, at Constantinople, and therefore he was willing to make over to a friend the profits of this speculation. I should have distrusted Rachub’s professions of friendship, and especially of disinterestedness; but he took me with him to the khan, where his goods ³⁰ were, and unlocked the chest of clothes to show them to me. They were of the richest and finest materials, and had been but little worn. I could not doubt the evidence

of my senses; the bargain was concluded, and the Jew sent porters to my inn with the chest.

'The next day I repaired to the public market-place; and, when my business was known, I had choice of customers: before night my chest was empty—and my purse was full. The profit I made, upon the sale of these clothes, was so considerable, that I could not help feeling astonishment at Rachub's having brought himself so readily to relinquish them.

- 10 'A few days after I had disposed of the contents of my chest, a Damascene merchant, who had bought two suits of apparel from me, told me, with a very melancholy face, that both the female slaves who had put on these clothes were sick. I could not conceive that the clothes were the cause of their sickness; but soon afterwards, as I was crossing the market, I was attacked by at least a dozen merchants, who made similar complaints. They insisted upon knowing how I came by the garments, and demanded whether I had worn any of them myself. This day I had
- 20 for the first time indulged myself with wearing a pair of yellow slippers, the only finery I had reserved for myself out of all the tempting goods. Convinced by my wearing these slippers that I could have had no insidious designs, since I shared the danger, whatever it might be, the merchants were a little pacified; but what was my terror and remorse the next day, when one of them came to inform me that plague-boils had broken out under the arms of all the slaves who had worn this pestilential apparel! On looking carefully into the chest, we found the word
- 30 Smyrna written, and half effaced, upon the lid. Now, the plague had for some time raged at Smyrna; and, as the merchants suspected, these clothes had certainly belonged to persons who had died of that distemper. This was the

reason why the Jew was willing to sell them to me so cheap; and it was for this reason that he would not stay at Grand Cairo himself to reap *the profits of his speculation*. Indeed, if I had paid attention to it at the proper time, a slight circumstance might have revealed the truth to me. Whilst I was bargaining with the Jew, before he opened the chest, he swallowed a large dram of brandy, and stuffed his nostrils with sponge dipped in vinegar: this he told me he did to prevent his perceiving the smell of musk, which always threw him into convulsions.

10

‘The horror I felt, when I discovered that I had spread the infection of the plague, and that I had probably caught it myself, overpowered my senses; a cold dew spread over all my limbs, and I fell upon the lid of the fatal chest in a swoon. It is said that fear disposes people to take the infection; however this may be, I sickened that evening, and soon was in a raging fever. It was worse for me whenever the delirium left me, and I could reflect upon the miseries my ill fortune had occasioned. In my first lucid interval, I looked round and saw that I had been removed 20 from the khan to a wretched hut. An old woman, who was smoking her pipe in the farthest corner of my room, informed me that I had been sent out of the town of Grand Cairo by order of the *cadi*, to whom the merchants had made their complaint. The fatal chest was burnt, and the house in which I had lodged razed to the ground. “And if it had not been for me,” continued the old woman, “you would have been dead, probably, at this instant; but I have made a vow to our great prophet, that I would never neglect an opportunity of doing a good action: therefore, 30 when you were deserted by all the world, I took care of you. Here, too, is your purse, which I saved from the rabble; and, what is more difficult, from the officers of

justice: I will account to you for every para that I have expended; and will moreover tell you the reason of my making such an extraordinary vow."

'As I believed that this benevolent old woman took great pleasure in talking, I made an inclination of my head to thank her for her promised history, and she proceeded; but I must confess I did not listen with all the attention her narrative doubtless deserved. Even curiosity, the strongest passion of us Turks, was dead within me. I have
10 no recollection of the old woman's story. It is as much as I can do to finish my own.

'The weather became excessively hot: it was affirmed, by some of the physicians, that this heat would prove fatal to their patients; but, contrary to the prognostics of the physicians, it stopped the progress of the plague. I recovered, and found my purse much lightened by my illness. I divided the remainder of my money with my humane nurse, and sent her out into the city, to inquire how matters were going on.

20 'She brought me word that the fury of the plague had much abated; but that she had met several funerals, and that she had heard many of the merchants cursing the folly of Murad the Unlucky, who, as they said, had brought all this calamity upon the inhabitants of Cairo. Even fools, they say, learn by experience. I took care to burn the bed on which I had lain, and the clothes I had worn: I concealed my real name, which I knew would inspire detestation, and gained admittance, with a crowd of other poor wretches, into a lazaretto, where I performed
30 quarantine, and offered up prayers daily for the sick.

'When I thought it was impossible I could spread the infection, I took my passage home. I was eager to get away from Grand Cairo, where I knew I was an object of

execration. I had a strange fancy haunting my mind : I imagined that all my misfortunes, since I left Constantinople, had arisen from my neglect of the talisman upon the beautiful china vase. I dreamed three times, when I was recovering from the plague, that a genius appeared to me, and said, in a reproachful tone, "Murad, where is the vase that was entrusted to thy care?"

"This dream operated strongly upon my imagination. As soon as we arrived at Constantinople, which we did, to my great surprise, without meeting with any untoward 10 accidents, I went in search of my brother Saladin, to inquire for my vase. He no longer lived in the house in which I left him, and I began to be apprehensive that he was dead; but a porter, hearing my inquiries, exclaimed, "Who is there in Constantinople that is ignorant of the dwelling of Saladin the Lucky? Come with me, and I will show it to you."

"The mansion to which he conducted me looked so magnificent, that I was almost afraid to enter lest there should be some mistake. But, whilst I was hesitating, the 20 doors opened, and I heard my brother Saladin's voice. He saw me almost at the same instant that I fixed my eyes upon him, and immediately sprang forward to embrace me. He was the same good brother as ever, and I rejoiced in his prosperity with all my heart. "Brother Saladin," said I, "can you now doubt that some men are born to be fortunate, and others to be unfortunate? How often you used to dispute this point with me!"

"Let us not dispute it now in the public street," said he, smiling; "but come in and refresh yourself, and we 30 will consider the question afterwards at leisure."

"No, my dear brother," said I, drawing back, "you are too good : Murad the Unlucky shall not enter your house,

lest he should draw down misfortunes upon you and yours. I come only to ask for my vase."

"It is safe," cried he; "come in, and you shall see it: but I will not give it up till I have you in my house. I have none of these superstitious fears: pardon me the expression, but I have none of these superstitious fears."

'I yielded, entered his house, and was astonished at all I saw! My brother did not triumph in his prosperity; but, on the contrary, seemed intent only upon making me forget
10 my misfortunes: he listened to the account, of them with kindness, and obliged me by the recital of his history; which was, I must acknowledge, far less wonderful than my own. He seemed, by his own account, to have grown rich in the common course of things; or rather, by his own prudence. I allowed for his prejudices, and, unwilling to dispute farther with him, said, "You must remain of your opinion, brother; and I of mine: you are Saladin the Lucky, and I Murad the Unlucky; and so we shall remain to the end of our lives."

20 'I had not been in his house four days when an accident happened, which showed how much I was in the right. The favourite of the sultan, to whom he had formerly sold his china vase, though her charms were now somewhat faded by time, still retained her power, and her taste for magnificence. She commissioned my brother to bespeak for her, at Venice, the most splendid looking-glass that money could purchase. The mirror, after many delays and disappointments, at length arrived at my brother's house. He unpacked it, and sent to let the lady know it
30 was in perfect safety. It was late in the evening, and she ordered it should remain where it was that night; and that it should be brought to the seraglio next morning. It stood in a sort of ante-chamber to the room in which I

slept; and with it were left some packages, containing glass chandeliers for an unfinished saloon in my brother's house. Saladin charged all his domestics to be vigilant this night, because he had money to a great amount by him, and there had been frequent robberies in our neighbourhood. Hearing these orders, I resolved to be in readiness at a moment's warning. I laid my scimitar beside me upon a cushion, and left my door half open, that I might hear the slightest noise in the ante-chamber or the great staircase. About midnight, I was suddenly 10 awakened, by a noise in the ante-chamber. I started up, seized my scimitar, and the instant I got to the door, saw, by a light of the lamp which was burning in the room, a man standing opposite to me, with a drawn sword in his hand. I rushed forward, demanding what he wanted, and received no answer; but, seeing him aim at me with his scimitar, I gave him, as I thought, a deadly blow. At this instant, I heard a great crash; and the fragments of the looking-glass, which I had shivered, fell at my feet. At the same moment, something black brushed by my 20 shoulder: I pursued it, stumbled over the packages of glass, and rolled over them down the stairs.

'My brother came out of his room, to inquire the cause of all this disturbance; and when he saw the fine mirror broken, and me lying amongst the glass chandeliers at the bottom of the stairs, he could not forbear exclaiming, "Well, brother! you are indeed Murad the Unlucky."

'When the first emotion was over, he could not, however, forbear laughing at my situation. With a degree 30 of goodness, which made me a thousand times more sorry for the accident, he came downstairs to help me up, gave me his hand, and said, "Forgive me, if I was angry

with you at first. I am sure you did not mean to do me any injury; but tell me how all this has happened."

'Whilst Saladin was speaking, I heard the same kind of noise which had alarmed me in the ante-chamber; but, on looking back, I saw only a black pigeon, which flew swiftly by me, unconscious of the mischief he had occasioned. This pigeon I had unluckily brought into the house the preceding day; and had been feeding and trying to tame it for my young nephews. I little thought it would be the
10 cause of such disasters. My brother, though he endeavoured to conceal his anxiety from me, was much disturbed at the idea of meeting the favourite's displeasure, who would certainly be grievously disappointed by the loss of her splendid looking-glass. I saw that I should inevitably be his ruin, if I continued in his house; and no persuasions could prevail upon me to prolong my stay. My generous brother, seeing me determined to go, said to me, "A factor, whom I have employed for some years to sell merchandise for me, died a few days ago. Will you
20 take his place? I am rich enough to bear any little mistakes you may fall into from ignorance of business; and you will have a partner who is able and willing to assist you."

'I was touched to the heart by this kindness, especially at such a time as this. He sent one of his slaves with me to the shop in which you now see me, gentlemen. The slave, by my brother's directions, brought with us my china vase, and delivered it safely to me, with this message: "The scarlet dye that was found in this vase, and in its
30 fellow, was the first cause of Saladin's making the fortune he now enjoys: he therefore does no more than justice, in sharing that fortune with his brother Murad."

'I was now placed in as advantageous a situation as

possible; but my mind was ill at ease, when I reflected that the broken mirror might be my brother's ruin. The lady by whom it had been bespoken was, I well knew, of a violent temper; and this disappointment was sufficient to provoke her to vengeance. My brother sent me word this morning, however, that though her displeasure was excessive, it was in my power to prevent any ill consequences that might ensue. "In my power!" I exclaimed; "then, indeed, I am happy! Tell my brother there is nothing I will not do to show him my gratitude, and to save him 10 from the consequences of my folly."

'The slave who was sent by my brother seemed unwilling to name what was required of me, saying that his master was afraid I should not like to grant the request. I urged him to speak freely, and he then told me the favourite declared nothing would make her amends for the loss of the mirror but the fellow vase to that which she had bought from Saladin. It was impossible for me to hesitate; gratitude for my brother's generous kindness overcame my superstitious obstinacy; and I sent him word I would carry 20 the vase to him myself.

'I took it down this evening from the shelf on which it stood; it was covered with dust, and I washed it, but unluckily, in endeavouring to clean the inside from the remains of the scarlet powder, I poured hot water into it, and immediately I heard a simmering noise, and my vase, in a few instants, burst asunder with a loud explosion. These fragments, alas! are all that remain. The measure of my misfortunes is now completed! Can you wonder, gentlemen, that I bewail my evil destiny? Am I not 30 justly called Murad the Unlucky? Here end all my hopes in this world! Better would it have been if I had died long ago! Better that I had never been born! Nothing

I ever have done or attempted has prospered. Murad the Unlucky is my name, and ill-fate has marked me for her own.'

CHAPTER III.

THE lamentations of Murad were interrupted by the entrance of Saladin. Having waited in vain for some hours, he now came to see if any disaster had happened to his brother Murad. He was surprised at the sight of the two pretended merchants, and could not refrain from exclamations on beholding the broken vase. However, 10 with his usual equanimity and good-nature, he began to console Murad; and, taking up the fragments, examined them carefully, one by one joined them together again, found that none of the edges of the china were damaged, and declared he could have it mended so as to look as well as ever.

Murad recovered his spirits upon this. 'Brother,' said he, 'I comfort myself for being Murad the Unlucky, when I reflect that you are Saladin the Lucky. See, gentlemen,' continued he, turning to the pretended merchants, 'scarcely 20 has this most fortunate of men been five minutes in company before he gives a happy turn to affairs. His presence inspires joy: I observe your countenances, which had been saddened by my dismal history, have brightened up since he has made his appearance. Brother, I wish you would make these gentlemen some amends for the time they have wasted in listening to my catalogue of misfortunes, by relating your history, which, I am sure, they will find rather more exhilarating.'

Saladin consented, on condition that the strangers would 30 accompany him home, and partake of a social banquet.

They at first repeated the former excuse of their being obliged to return to their inn; but at length the sultan's curiosity prevailed, and he and his vizier went home with Saladin the Lucky, who, after supper, related his history in the following manner :

'My being called Saladin the Lucky first inspired me with confidence in myself; though I own that I cannot remember any extraordinary instances of good luck in my childhood. An old nurse of my mother's, indeed, repeated to me twenty times a day, that nothing I undertook could 10 fail to succeed, because I was Saladin the Lucky. I became presumptuous and rash; and my nurse's prognostics might have effectually prevented their accomplishment, had I not, when I was about fifteen, been roused to reflection during a long confinement which was the consequence of my youthful conceit and imprudence.

'At this time there was at the Porte a Frenchman, an ingenious engineer, who was employed and favoured by the sultan, to the great astonishment of many of my prejudiced countrymen. On the Grand Seignior's birthday he 20 exhibited some extraordinarily fine fireworks; and I, with numbers of the inhabitants of Constantinople, crowded to see them. I happened to stand near the place where the Frenchman was stationed; the crowd pressed upon him, and I amongst the rest; he begged we would, for our own sakes, keep at a greater distance, and warned us that we might be much hurt by the combustibles which he was using. I, relying upon my good fortune, disregarded all these cautions; and the consequence was, that as I touched some of the materials prepared for the fireworks, they 30 exploded, dashed me upon the ground with great violence, and I was terribly burnt.

'This accident, gentlemen, I consider as one of the most

fortunate circumstances of my life; for it checked and corrected the presumption of my temper. During the time I was confined to my bed, the French gentleman came frequently to see me. He was a very sensible man; and the conversations he had with me enlarged my mind, and cured me of many foolish prejudices, especially of that which I had been taught to entertain, concerning the predominance of what is called luck, or fortune, in human affairs. "Though you are called Saladin the Lucky," said
 10 he, "you find that your neglect of prudence has nearly brought you to the grave even in the bloom of youth. Take my advice, and henceforward trust more to prudence than to fortune. Let the multitude, if they will, call you Saladin the Lucky; but call yourself, and make yourself, Saladin the Prudent."

'These words left an indelible impression on my mind, and gave a new turn to my thoughts and character. My brother Murad has doubtless told you that our difference of opinion, on the subject of predestination, produced
 20 between us frequent arguments; but we could never convince one another, and we each have acted, through life, in consequence of our different beliefs. To this I attribute my success and his misfortunes.

'The first rise of my fortune, as you have probably heard from Murad, was owing to the scarlet dye, which I brought to perfection with infinite difficulty. The powder, it is true, was accidentally found by me in our china vases; but there it might have remained to this instant, useless, if I had not taken the pains to make it useful. I grant that we
 30 can only partially foresee and command events; yet on the use we make of our own powers, I think, depends our destiny. But, gentlemen, you would rather hear my adventures, perhaps, than my reflections; and I am truly

concerned, for your sakes, that I have no wonderful events to relate. I am sorry I cannot tell you of my having been lost in a sandy desert. I have never had the plague, nor even been shipwrecked: I have been all my life an inhabitant of Constantinople, and have passed my time in a very quiet and uniform manner.

‘The money I received from the sultan’s favourite for my china vase, as my brother may have told you, enabled me to trade on a more extensive scale. I went on steadily with my business; and made it my whole study to please 10 my employers, by all fair and honourable means. This industry and civility succeeded beyond my expectations: in a few years, I was rich for a man in my way of business.

‘I will not proceed to trouble you with the journal of a petty merchant’s life; I pass on to the incident which made a considerable change in my affairs.

‘A terrible fire broke out near the walls of the Grand Seignior’s seraglio: as you are strangers, gentlemen, you may not have heard of this event, though it produced so great a sensation in Constantinople. The vizier’s superb 20 palace was utterly consumed; and the melted lead poured down from the roof of the mosque of St. Sophia. Various were the opinions formed by my neighbours, respecting the cause of the conflagration. Some supposed it to be a punishment for the sultan’s having neglected, one Friday, to appear at the mosque of St. Sophia; others considered it as a warning sent by Mahomet, to dissuade the Porte from persisting in a war in which we were just engaged. The generality, however, of the coffee-house politicians contented themselves with observing that it was the will of 30 Mahomet that the palace should be consumed. Satisfied by this supposition, they took no precaution to prevent similar accidents in their own houses. Never were fires so

common in the city as at this period; scarcely a night passed without our being wakened by the cry of fire.

'These frequent fires were rendered still more dreadful by villains, who were continually on the watch to increase the confusion by which they profited, and to pillage the houses of the sufferers. It was discovered that these incendiaries frequently skulked, towards evening, in the neighbourhood of the bezestein, where the richest merchants store their goods; some of these wretches were detected in
10 throwing *coundaks*, or matches, into the windows; and if these combustibles remained a sufficient time, they could not fail to set the house on fire.

'Notwithstanding all these circumstances, many even of those who had property to preserve continued to repeat, "It is the will of Mahomet," and consequently to neglect all means of preservation. I, on the contrary, recollecting the lesson I had learned from the sensible foreigner, neither suffered my spirits to sink with superstitious fears of ill-luck, nor did I trust presumptuously to my good fortune.
20 I took every possible means to secure myself. I never went to bed without having seen that all the lights and fires in the house were extinguished, and that I had a supply of water in the cistern. I had likewise learned from my Frenchman that wet mortar was the most effectual thing for stopping the progress of flames: I therefore had a quantity of mortar made up in one of my outhouses, which I could use at a moment's warning. These precautions were all useful to me: my own house, indeed, was never actually on fire, but the houses of my next-door neighbours
30 were no less than five times in flames, in the course of one winter. By my exertions, or rather by my precautions, they suffered but little damage; and all my neighbours looked upon me as their deliverer and friend: they loaded

me with presents, and offered more indeed than I would accept. All repeated that I was Saladin the Lucky. This compliment I disclaimed, feeling more ambitious of being called Saladin the Prudent. It is thus that what we call modesty is often only a more refined species of pride. But to proceed with my story.

‘One night I had been later than usual at supper, at a friend’s house : none but the watch were in the streets, and even they, I believe, were asleep.

‘As I passed one of the conduits, which convey water to 10 the city, I heard a trickling noise ; and, upon examination, I found that the cock of the water-spout was half turned, so that the water was running out. I turned it back to its proper place, thought it had been left unturned by accident, and walked on ; but I had not proceeded far before I came to another spout and another, which were in the same condition. I was convinced that this could not be the effect merely of accident, and suspected that some ill-intentioned persons designed to let out and waste the water of the city, that there might be none to extinguish any fire 20 that should break out in the course of the night.

‘I stood still for a few moments, to consider how it would be most prudent to act. It would be impossible for me to run to all parts of the city, that I might stop the pipes that were running to waste. I first thought of wakening the watch and the firemen, who were most of them slumbering at their stations ; but I reflected that they were perhaps not to be trusted, and that they were in a confederacy with the incendiaries ; otherwise, they would certainly, before this hour, have observed and stopped the 30 running of the sewers in their neighbourhood. I determined to waken a rich merchant, called Damat Zade, who lived near me, and who had a number of slaves, whom he

could send to different parts of the city, to prevent mischief, and give notice to the inhabitants of their danger.

‘He was a very sensible, active man, and one that could easily be awakened; he was not, like some Turks, an hour in recovering their lethargic senses. He was quick in decision and action; and his slaves resembled their master. He despatched a messenger immediately to the grand vizier, that the sultan’s safety might be secured; and sent others to the magistrates, in each quarter of Constanti-
10 nople. The large drums in the janissary aga’s tower beat to rouse the inhabitants; and scarcely had these been heard to beat half an hour before the fire broke out in the lower apartments of Damat Zade’s house, owing to a *counduk*, which had been left behind one of the doors.

‘The wretches who had prepared the mischief came to enjoy it, and to pillage; but they were disappointed. Astonished to find themselves taken into custody, they could not comprehend how their designs had been frustrated. By timely exertions, the fire in my friend’s
20 house was extinguished; and though fires broke out, during the night, in many parts of the city, but little damage was sustained, because there was time for precautions; and by the stopping of the spouts, sufficient water was preserved. People were awakened, and warned of the danger, and they consequently escaped unhurt.

‘The next day, as soon as I made my appearance at the bezestein, the merchants crowded round, called me their benefactor, and the preserver of their lives and fortunes. Damat Zade, the merchant whom I had awakened the
30 preceding night, presented to me a heavy purse of gold, and put upon my finger a diamond ring of considerable value; each of the merchants followed his example, in making me rich presents: the magistrates also sent me

tokens of their approbation ; and the grand vizier sent me a diamond of the first water, with a line written by his own hand : "To the man who has saved Constantinople." Excuse me, gentlemen, for the vanity I seem to show in mentioning these circumstances. You desired to hear my history, and I cannot therefore omit the principal circumstance of my life. In the course of four-and-twenty hours, I found myself raised, by the munificent gratitude of the inhabitants of this city, to a state of affluence far beyond what I had ever dreamed of attaining. 10

'I now took a house suited to my circumstances, and bought a few slaves. As I was carrying my slaves home, I was met by a Jew, who stopped me, saying, in his language, "My lord, I see, has been purchasing slaves : I could clothe them cheaply." There was something mysterious in the manner of this Jew, and I did not like his countenance ; but I considered that I ought not to be governed by caprice in my dealings, and that, if this man could really clothe my slaves more cheaply than another, I ought not to neglect his offer merely because I took a dislike to the 20 cut of his beard, the turn of his eye, or the tone of his voice. I therefore bade the Jew follow me home, saying that I would consider of his proposal.

'When we came to talk over the matter, I was surprised to find him so reasonable in his demands. On one point, indeed, he appeared unwilling to comply. I required not only to see the clothes I was offered, but also to know how they came into his possession. On this subject he equivocated ; I therefore suspected there must be something wrong. I reflected what it could be, and judged 30 that the goods had been stolen, or that they had been the apparel of persons who had died of some contagious distemper. The Jew showed me a chest, from which he

said I might choose whatever suited me best. I observed, that as he was going to unlock the chest, he stuffed his nose with some aromatic herbs. He told me that he did so to prevent his smelling the musk with which the chest was perfumed: musk, he said, had an extraordinary effect upon his nerves. I begged to have some of the herbs which he used himself; declaring that musk was likewise offensive to me.

'The Jew, either struck by his own conscience, or observing my suspicions, turned as pale as death. He 10 pretended he had not the right key, and could not unlock the chest; said he must go in search of it, and that he would call on me again.

'After he had left me, I examined some writing upon the lid of the chest that had been nearly effaced. I made out the word Smyrna, and this was sufficient to confirm all my suspicions. The Jew returned no more: he sent some porters to carry away the chest, and I heard nothing of him for some time, till one day, when I was at the house of Damat Zade, I saw a glimpse of the Jew passing hastily 20 through one of the courts, as if he wished to avoid me. "My friend," said I to Damat Zade, "do not attribute my question to impertinent curiosity, or to a desire to inter-meddle with your affairs, if I venture to ask the nature of your business with the Jew who has just now crossed your court."

"He has engaged to supply me with clothing for my slaves," replied my friend, "cheaper than I can purchase it elsewhere. I have a design to surprise my daughter Fatima, on her birthday, with an entertainment in the 30 pavilion in the garden; and all her female slaves shall appear in new dresses on the occasion."

'I interrupted my friend, to tell him what I suspected relative to this Jew and his chest of clothes. It is certain

that the infection of the plague can be communicated by clothes, not only after months but after years have elapsed. The merchant resolved to have nothing more to do with this wretch, who could thus hazard the lives of thousands of his fellow-creatures for a few pieces of gold ; we sent notice of the circumstance to the *cadi*, but the *cadi* was slow in his operations ; and, before he could take the Jew into custody, the cunning fellow had effected his escape. When his house was searched, he and his chest had disappeared : we discovered that he sailed for Egypt, and 10 rejoiced that we had driven him from Constantinople.

‘My friend, *Damat Zade*, expressed the warmest gratitude to me. “You formerly saved my fortune : you have now saved my life ; and a life yet dearer than my own, that of my daughter *Fatima*.”

‘At the sound of that name I could not, I believe, avoid showing some emotion. I had accidentally seen this lady ; and I had been captivated by her beauty, and by the sweetness of her countenance ; but as I knew she was destined to be the wife of another, I suppressed my feeling, and deter- 20 mined to banish the recollection of the fair *Fatima* for ever from my imagination. Her father, however, at this instant, threw into my way a temptation, which it required all my fortitude to resist. “*Saladin*,” continued he, “it is but just that you, who have saved our lives, should share our festivity. Come here on the birthday of my *Fatima* ; I will place you in a balcony, which overlooks the garden, and you shall see the whole spectacle. We shall have a *feast of tulips*, in imitation of that which, as you know, is held in the Grand Signior’s gardens. I assure you the 30 sight will be worth seeing ; and besides, you will have a chance of beholding my *Fatima*, for a moment, without her veil.”

"That," interrupted I, "is the thing I most wish to avoid. I dare not indulge myself in a pleasure which might cost me the happiness of my life. I will conceal nothing from you, who treat me with so much confidence. I have already beheld the charming countenance of your Fatima, but I know that she is destined to be the wife of a happier man."

'Damat Zade seemed much pleased by the frankness with which I explained myself; but he would not give up
10 the idea of my sitting with him, in the balcony, on the day of the feast of tulips; and I, on my part, could not consent to expose myself to another view of the charming Fatima. My friend used every argument, or rather every sort of persuasion, he could imagine to prevail upon me: he then tried to laugh me out of my resolution; and, when all failed, he said, in a voice of anger, "Go, then, Saladin; I am sure you are deceiving me: you have a passion for some other woman, and you would conceal it from me, and persuade me you refuse the favour I offer you from
20 prudence, when, in fact, it is from indifference and contempt. Why could you not speak the truth of your heart to me with that frankness with which one friend should treat another?"

'Astonished at this unexpected charge, and at the anger which flashed from the eyes of Damat Zade, who till this moment had always appeared to me a man of a mild and reasonable temper, I was for an instant tempted to fly into a passion and leave him: but friends, once lost, are not easily regained. This consideration had power sufficient to
30 make me command my temper. "My friend," replied I, "we will talk over this affair to-morrow: you are now angry, and cannot do me justice; but to-morrow you will be cool: you will then be convinced that I have not

deceived you ; and that I have no design but to secure my own happiness, by the most prudent means in my power, by avoiding the sight of the dangerous Fatima. I have no passion for any other woman."

"Then," said my friend, embracing me, and quitting the tone of anger which he had assumed only to try my resolution to the utmost, "then, Saladin, Fatima is yours."

'I scarcely dared to believe my senses! I could not express my joy! "Yes, my friend," continued the merchant, "I have tried your prudence to the utmost; it 10 has been victorious, and I resign my Fatima to you, certain that you will make her happy. It is true, I had a greater alliance in view for her: the pacha of Maksoud has demanded her from me; but I have found, upon private inquiry, he is addicted to the intemperate use of opium: and my daughter shall never be the wife of one who is a violent madman one half the day, and a melancholy idiot during the remainder. I have nothing to apprehend from the pacha's resentment, because I have powerful friends with the grand vizier who will oblige him to listen to reason, and 20 to submit quietly to a disappointment he so justly merits. And now, Saladin, have you any objection to seeing the feast of tulips?'

'I replied only by falling at the merchant's feet, and embracing his knees. The feast of tulips came, and on that day I was married to the charming Fatima! The charming Fatima I continue still to think her, though she has now been my wife some years. She is the joy and pride of my heart; and, from our mutual affection, I have experienced more felicity than from all the other circumstances of my 30 life, which are called so fortunate. Her father gave me the house in which I now live, and joined his possessions to ours; so that I have more wealth even than I desire. My

riches, however, give me continually the means of relieving the wants of others; and therefore I cannot affect to despise them. I must persuade my brother Murad to share them with me, and to forget his misfortunes: I shall then think myself completely happy. As to the sultana's looking-glass, and your broken vase, my dear brother,' continued Saladin, 'we must think of some means——'

'Think no more of the sultana's looking-glass, or of the broken vase,' exclaimed the sultan, throwing aside his merchant's habit, and showing beneath it his own imperial vest. 'Saladin, I rejoice to have heard, from your own lips, the history of your life. I acknowledge, vizier, I have been in the wrong, in our argument,' continued the sultan, turning to his vizier. 'I acknowledge that the histories of Saladin the Lucky, and Murad the Unlucky, favour your opinion, that prudence has more influence than chance in human affairs. The success and happiness of Saladin seem to me to have arisen from his prudence: by that prudence, Constantinople has been saved from flames, and from the
20 plague. Had Murad possessed his brother's discretion, he would not have been on the point of losing his head, for selling rolls which he did not bake: he would not have been kicked by a mule, or bastinadoed for finding a ring: he would not have been robbed by one party of soldiers, or shot by another: he would not have been lost in a desert, or cheated by a Jew: he would not have set a ship on fire; nor would he have caught the plague, and spread it through Grand Cairo: he would not have run my sultana's looking-glass through the body, instead of a robber: he would not
30 have believed that the fate of his life depended on certain verses on a china vase: nor would he, at last, have broken this precious talisman, by washing it with hot water. Henceforward, let Murad the Unlucky be named Murad

the Imprudent : let Saladin preserve the surname he merits, and be henceforth called Saladin the Prudent.'

So spake the sultan, who, unlike the generality of monarchs, could bear to find himself in the wrong ; and could discover his vizier to be in the right, without cutting off his head. History further informs us that the sultan offered to make Saladin a pacha, and to commit to him the government of a province ; but Saladin the Prudent declined this honour, saying he had no ambition, was perfectly happy in his present situation, and that, when this was the 10 case, it would be folly to change, because no one can be more than happy.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT III. SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;

5

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

10

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.

Brutus goes into the pulpit.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended : silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause,
and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine
honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may
believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awake your
senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in
this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say,

that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is 20 my answer :—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but, as he 25 was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bond-man ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; 30 for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brut. Then none have I offended. I have done no more 35 to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, 40 though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need 45 my death.

All. Live, Brutus ! live, live !

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit.

Cæsar's better parts 50

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit.

We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

Bru.

My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence ! Brutus speaks.

First Cit.

Peace, ho !

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :

55

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.* 60

First Cit. Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair ;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[*Goes into the pulpit.*

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus ?

Third Cit.

He says, for Brutus' sake, 65

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit.

Nay, that's certain :

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

70

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens.

Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ; 75
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest— 80
For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ; 85
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept : 90
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown, 95
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know. 100
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, 105
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters ?

I fear there will a worse come in his place. 110

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take
the crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Antony. 115

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir 120

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men :
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, 125
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :

Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read— 130

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy 135
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you. 140

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad :

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;

For, if you should, O, what would come of it ! 145

Fourth Cit. Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ;

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it :

I fear I wrong the honourable men 150

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors : honourable men !

All. The will ! the testament !

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers : the will ! read
the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will ? 155

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend. 160

Third Cit. You shall have leave. [*Antony comes down.*]

Fourth Cit. A ring ; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off. 165

Several Cit. Stand back ; room ; bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember

- The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, 170
 That day he overcame the Nervii :
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
 See what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, 175
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him ! 180
 This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face, 185
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. 190
 O, now you weep, and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors. 195
First Cit. Oh piteous spectacle !
Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar !
Third Cit. O woful day !
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains !
First Cit. O most bloody sight ! 200
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony. 205

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not, 210

That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man, 215

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on; 220

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue 225

In every wound of Cæsar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators. 230

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not : I must tell you, then : 235

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will ! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy five drachmas. 240

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, 245

His private arbours and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ? 250

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away !

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire. 255

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt !

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow !

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome. 260

Ant. Where is he ?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him :
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

265

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long through all the town
Had raised his fortune and renown ;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill ; 5
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud.

'Is this then he so fam'd for sleight ?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight ? 10
Dares he with me dispute the prize ?
I leave it to impartial eyes.'

Provok'd, the Juggler cried, 'Tis done,
In science I submit to none.'

Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd, 15
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain :
Trick after trick deludes the train. 20
He shakes his bag, he shews all fair ,
His fingers spreads, and nothing there ;

Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his ivory eggs are told.
But when from thence the hen he draws, 25
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stepp'd forth, and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.

'This magic looking-glass,' she cries,
('There hand it round) will charm your eyes.' 30
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And ev'ry man himself admired.

Next, to a senator addressing ;
' See this bank-note ; observe the blessing ;
Breathe on the Bill. Heigh, pass !' 'Tis gone, 35
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke ;
The padlock vanished, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stor'd, 40
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd ;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled ; 45
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand ;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand,

A box of charity she shows ;
 Blow here ; and a church-warden blows : 50
 'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
 And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
 And from all pockets fills her box.

A counter, in a miser's hand, 55
 Grew twenty guineas at command.
 She bids his heir the sum retain,
 And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see
 Take every shape, but Charity ; 60
 And not one thing you saw, or drew,
 But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now in grief of heart,
 With this submission own'd her art :
 'Can I such matchless sleight withstand ! 65
 How practice hath improved your hand !
 But now and then I cheat the throng ;
 You every day, and all day long.'

JOHN GAY.

THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies, 5
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee :
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. 10

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend !
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair, 15
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale, 20
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,

Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue 25
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies,
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own. 30

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
 And, placed on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where a hundred realms appear ;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide, 35
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ? 40
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man ;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crowned ; 45
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale ;
 For me your tributary stores combine :
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine ! 50

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still.
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise, 55
 Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies ;
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,

To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned, 60
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone 65
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line, 70
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam ;
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare, 75
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;
As different good, by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even. 80
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call :
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side ;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown, 85
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent,—
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content :
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest. 90

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
 And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
 Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone.
 Each to the favourite happiness attends, 95
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
 Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies : 100
 Here, for a while, my proper cares resigned,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
 Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends, 105
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
 While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene. 110

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest :
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear, 115
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky,
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ; 120
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,

And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear, 125
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And even in penance planning sins anew. 130
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind :
For wealth was theirs ; not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state ;
At her command the palace learned to rise, 135
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies ;
The canvas glowed, beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form ;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail ; 140
While naught remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave :
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied 145
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride :
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade ; 150
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child ;
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control, 155
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;

While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :
 As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defaced by time, and tottering in decay, 160
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them ; turn we to survey 165
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread :
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword ; 170
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm, 175
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ; 180
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose, 185
 Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,

And drags the struggling savage into day. 190
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard, 195
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ; 200
And even those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest, 205
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned ;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined. 210
Yet let them only share the praises due ;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest ;
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies, 215
That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame : 220
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire ;

Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a-year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire, 225
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low :
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
 Unaltered, unimproved the manners run ; 230
 And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play 235
 Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
 These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn ; and France displays her bright domain. 240
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please ;
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
 Where shading elms along the margin grew, 245
 And freshened from the wave, the zephyr flew
 And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
 But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
 Yet would the village praise thy wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the moon-tide hour. 250

Alike all ages : dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
 Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
 So blest a life these thoughtless realms display, 255

Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains, 260
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;
From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
They please, are pleased ; they give to get esteem, 265
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ; 270
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace, 275
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a-year :
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause. 280

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land.
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide, 285
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;

Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore. 290
 While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile,—
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,— 295
 A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain. 300
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts :
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear, 305
 Even liberty itself is bartered here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves, 310
 And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ; 315
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide ; 320
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,

There gentle music melts on every spray ;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind !
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state, 325
With daring aims irregularly great ;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by ;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand, 330
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control ;
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here, 335
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But fostered even by freedom, ills annoy :
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ; 340
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled :
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar, 345
Repressed ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, overwrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway, 350
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown :

Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms, 355
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings,* unhonoured die. 360

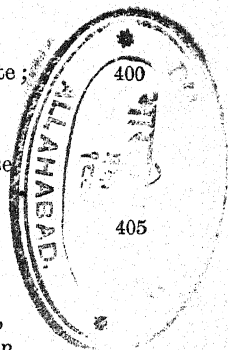
Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great :
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel 365
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
 I only would repress them to secure : 370
 For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those that think must govern those that toil ;
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
 Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportioned grow, 375
 Its doubled weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast-approaching danger warns : 380
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw, 385
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,

Pillaged from slaves, to purchase slaves at home ;
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ; 390
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, Brother ! curse with me that baleful hour,
 When first ambition struck at regal power ;
 And thus polluting honour in its source, 395
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ;
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scattered hamlets rose
 In barren solitary pomp repose ?
 Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling, long-frequented village fall ?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main ; 410
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thundering sound ?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways ;
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim, 415
 And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim ;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go, 420



Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind :
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose, 425
To seek a good each government bestows ?

In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure. 430
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find :

With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonising wheel, 435
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

CANTO VI.—STANZA XIV.

O GAY, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front ! for there 5
Rode England's King and peers :
And who, that saw that Monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell !—
Fair was his seat in knightly selle, 10
And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flash'd at sight of shield and lance :—
'Know'st thou,' he said, 'De Argentine, 15
Yon knight who marshals thus their line ?'—
'The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my Liege : I know him well.'—
'And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave ?'— 20
'So please my Liege,' said Argentine,

'Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
 To give him fair and knightly chance,
 I would adventure forth my lance.'—
 'In battle day,' the King replied, 25
 'Nice tourney rules are set aside.
 —Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
 Set on him—sweep him from our path!
 And, at King Edward's signal, soon
 Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Boune. 30

XV.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
 A race renown'd for knightly fame.
 He burn'd before his Monarch's eye
 To do some deed of chivalry.
 He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance, 35
 And darted on the Bruce at once.
 —As motionless as rocks, that bide
 The wrath of the advancing tide,
 The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,
 And dazzled was each gazing eye— 40
 The heart had hardly time to think,
 The eyelid scarce had time to wink,
 While on the King, like flash of flame,
 Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!
 The partridge may the falcon mock, 45
 If that slight palfrey stand the shock—
 But, swerving from the Knight's career,
 Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.
 Onward the baffled warrior bore
 His course—but soon his course was o'er!— 50
 High in his stirrups stood the King,
 And gave his battle-axe the swing.

Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,
Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
Such strength upon the blow was put, 55
The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse; 60
—First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden fell the fierce De Boune!

XVI.

One pitying glance the Monarch sped,
Where on the field his foe lay dead;
Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head, 65
And, pacing back his sober way,
Slowly he gain'd his own array.
There round their King the leaders crowd,
And blame his recklessness aloud,
That risk'd 'gainst each adventurous spear 70
A life so valued and so dear.—
His broken weapon's shaft survey'd
The King, and careless answer made,—
'My loss may pay my folly's tax;
I've broke my trusty battle-axe.' 75

XVIII.

'What train of dust, with trumpet-sound
And glimmering spears, is wheeling round
Our leftward flank?'—the Monarch cried,
To Moray's Earl, who rode beside.
'Lo! round thy station pass the foes! 80

- Randolph, thy wreath has lost a rose.
 The Earl his visor closed, and said—
 ‘My wreath shall bloom, or life shall fade.—
 Follow, my household!’—And they go
 Like lightning on the advancing foe. 85
- ‘My Liege,’ said noble Douglas then,
 ‘Earl Randolph has but one to ten :
 Let me go forth his band to aid!’—
 —‘Stir not. The error he hath made,
 Let him amend it as he may ; 90
 I will not weaken mine array.’
 Then loudly rose the conflict-cry,
 And Douglas’s brave heart swell’d high,—
 ‘My Liege,’ he said, ‘with patient ear
 I must not Moray’s death-knell hear!’— 95
 ‘Then go—but speed thee back again.’—
 Forth sprung the Douglas with his train :
 But, when they won a rising hill,
 He bade his followers hold them still.—
 ‘See, see! the routed Southron fly! 100
 The Earl hath won the victory.
 Lo! where yon steeds run masterless,
 His banner towers above the press.
 Rein up; our presence would impair
 The fame we come too late to share.’ 105
- Back to the host the Douglas rode,
 And soon glad tidings are abroad,
 That, Dayncourt by stout Randolph slain,
 His followers fled with loosen’d rein.—
 That skirmish closed the busy day ; 110
 And couch’d in battle’s prompt array,
 Each army on their weapons lay.

XIX.

It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demayet smiled beneath her ray; 115
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah! gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee next returning night, 120
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
And many a wounded wretch to plain 125
Beneath thy silver light in vain!
But now, from England's host, the cry
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,
While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmur'd prayer, the early mass!— 130
Here, numbers had presumption given;
There, bands o'er-match'd sought aid from Heaven.

XX.

On Gillies'-hill, whose height commands
The battle-field, fair Edith stands,
With serf and page unfit for war, 135
To eye the conflict from afar.
O! with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky!—
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun; 140

Is it the lark that carols shrill,
 Is it the bittern's early hum ?
 No !—distant, but increasing still,
 The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
 With the deep murmur of the drum. 145
 Responsive from the Scottish host,
 Pipe-clang and bugle sound were toss'd,
 His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,
 And started from the ground ;
 Arm'd and array'd for instant fight, 150
 Rose archer, spearman, squire, and knight ;
 And in the pomp of battle bright
 The dread battalia frown'd.

XXI.

Now onward, and in open view,
 The countless ranks of England drew, 155
 Dark rolling like the ocean-tide,
 When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
 And his deep roar sends challenge wide
 To all that bars his way !
 In front the gallant archers trôde, 160
 The men-at-arms behind them rode,
 And midmost of the phalanx broad
 The Monarch held his sway.
 Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
 Around him waves a sea of plumes, 165
 Where many a knight in battle known,
 And some who spurs had first braced on,
 And deem'd that fight should see them won,
 King Edward's hests obey.
 De Argentine attends his side, 170
 With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,

Selected champions from the train,
 To wait upon his bridle-rein.
 Upon the Scottish foe he gazed—
 —At once, before his sight amazed, 175
 Sunk banner, spear, and shield;
 Each weapon-point is downward sent,
 Each warrior to the ground is bent.
 'The rebels, Argentine, repent!
 For pardon they have kneel'd.'— 180
 'Aye!—but they bend to other powers,
 And other pardon sue than ours!
 See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,
 And blesses them with lifted hands!
 Upon the spot where they have kneel'd, 185
 These men will die, or win the field.'—
 —'Then prove we if they die or win!
 Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin.'

XXII.

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
 Just as the Northern ranks arose, 190
 Signal for England's archery
 To halt and bend their bows.
 Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace,
 Glanced at the intervening space,
 And raised his left hand high; 195
 To the right ear the cords they bring—
 —At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
 Ten thousand arrows fly!
 Nor paused on the devoted Scot
 The ceaseless fury of their shot; 200
 As fiercely and as fast,
 Forth whistling came the grey-goose wing

As the wild hailstones pelt and ring
 Adown December's blast,
 Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide, 205
 Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide.
 Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,

If the fell shower may last !
 Upon the right, behind the wood,
 Each by his steed dismounted, stood 210

The Scottish chivalry ;—
 With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
 Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
 His own keen heart, his eager train,
 Until the archers gain the plain ; 215

Then, 'Mount, ye gallants free !'
 He cried ; and, vaulting from the ground,
 His saddle every horseman found.
 On high their glittering crests they toss,
 As springs the wild-fire from the moss ; 220
 The shield hangs down on every breast,
 Each ready lance is in the rest,

And loud shouts Edward Bruce—
 Forth, Marshal ! on the peasant foe !
 We'll tame the terrors of their bow, 225
 And cut the bow-string loose !'

XXIII.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks
 They rush'd among the archer ranks.
 No spears were there the shock to let,
 No stakes to turn the charge were set, 230
 And how shall yeoman's armour slight,
 Stand the long lance and mace of might ?
 Or what may their short swords avail,

'Gainst barb'd horse and shirt of mail ?
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung, 235
High o'er their heads the weapons swung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout !
A while, with stubborn hardihood,
Their English hearts the strife made good. 240
Borne down at length on every side,
Compell'd to flight, they scatter wide.—
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee !
The broken bows of Bannock's shore 245
Shall in the greenwood ring no more !
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now,
The maids may twine the summer bough,
May northward look with longing glance,
For those that wont to lead the dance, 250
For the blithe archers—look in vain !
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trode down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

XXIV.

The King with scorn beheld their flight. 255
'Are these,' he said, 'our yeomen wight ?
Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore !
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark.— 260
Forward, each gentleman and knight !
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight !'
To rightward of the wild affray,

The field show'd fair and level way ; 265

But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,

That form'd a ghastly snare.

Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came, 270

With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,

They panted for the shock !

With blazing crests and banners spread,

And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,

The wide plain thunder'd to their tread, 275

As far as Stirling rock.

Down ! down ! in headlong overthrow,

Horseman and horse, the foremost go,

Wild floundering on the field !

The first are in destruction's gorge, 280

Their followers wildly o'er them urge ;—

The knightly helm and shield,

The mail, the axon, and the spear,

Strong hand, high heart, are useless here !

Loud, from the mass confused, the cry 285

Of dying warriors swells on high,

And steeds that shriek in agony !

They came like mountain-torrent red,

That thunders o'er its rocky bed ;

They broke like that same torrent's wave 290

When swallow'd by a darksome cave.

Billows on billows burst and boil,

Maintaining still the stern turmoil,

And to their wild and tortured groan

Each adds new terrors of his own ! 295

XXV.

Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet, to yield the fight.

Her noblest all are here ;

Names that to fear were never known,
Bold Norfolk's Earl, De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere.

300

There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
Bottetourt and Sanzavere,

Ross, Montague, and Mauley came,
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame—
Names known too well in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
Blazed broader yet in after years,
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.

305

310

Pembroke with these, and Argentine,
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,
Till hand to hand in battle set,

315

The bills with spears and axes met,
And, closing dark on every side,
Raged the full contest far and wide.

Then was the strength of Douglas tried,
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,
And well did Stewart's actions grace
The sire of Scotland's royal race !

320

Firmly they kept their ground ;
As firmly England onward press'd,
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant breast,
And Slaughter revell'd round.

325

XXVI.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
 Unceasing blow by blow was met ;
 The groans of those who fell 330
 Were drown'd amid the shriller clang
 That from the blades and harness rang,
 And in the battle-yell.
 Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
 Both Southron fierce and hardy Scot ; 335
 And O ! amid that waste of life,
 What various motives fired the strife !
 The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
 The Patriot for his country's claim ;
 This Knight his youthful strength to prove, 340
 And that to win his lady's love ;
 Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
 From habit some, or hardihood.
 But ruffian stern, and soldier good,
 The noble and the slave, 345
 From various cause the same wild road,
 On the same bloody morning, trode,
 To that dark inn, the Grave !

XXVII.

The tug of strife to flag begins,
 Though neither loses yet, nor wins. 350
 High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
 And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.
 Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
 And Randolph wipes his bloody brow ;
 Nor less had toil'd each Southern knight, 355
 From morn till mid-day in the fight.
 Strong Egremont for air must gasp,

Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere ! 360
The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
Hath lost its lively tone ;
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle word,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard 365
'My merry-men, fight on !'

XXVIII.

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy :—
'One effort more, and Scotland's free !
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee 370
Is firm as Ailsa Rock ;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge ;
Now, forward to the shock !'
At once the spears were forward thrown, 375
Against the sun the broadswords shone ;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert's voice was known—
'Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail !
Press on, brave sons of Innisgail, 380
The foe is fainting fast !
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
The battle cannot last !'

XXIX.

The fresh and desperate onset bore 385
The foes three furlongs back and more,

Leaving their noblest in their gore.

Alone, De Argentine

Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,

Gathers the relics of the field,

390

Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,

And still makes good the line.

Brief strife, but fierce,—his efforts raise

A bright but momentary blaze.

Fair Edith heard the Southron shout,

395

Beheld them turning from the rout,

Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,

In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.

That rallying force, combined anew,

Appear'd in her distracted view,

400

To hem the Islesmen round :

'O God ! the combat they renew,

And is no rescue found !

And ye that look thus tamely on,

And see your native land o'erthrown,

405

O ! are your hearts of flesh or stone ?'

XXX.

The multitude that watch'd afar,

Rejected from the ranks of war,

Had not unmoved beheld the fight,

When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right

410

Each heart had caught the patriot spark,

Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,

Bondsman and serf ; even female hand

Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand ;

But, when mute Amadine they heard

415

Give to their zeal his signal-word,

A frenzy fired the throng ;—

'Portents and miracles impeach
 Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—
 And He that gives the mute his speech, 420
 Can bid the weak be strong.
 To us, as to our lords, are given
 A native earth, a promised heaven ;
 To us, as to our lords, belongs
 The vengeance for our nation's wrongs ; 425
 The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms
 Our breasts as theirs—To arms ! to arms !'
 To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
 And mimic ensigns high they rear,
 And, like a banner'd host afar, 430
 Bear down on England's wearied war.

XXXI.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain,
 Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
 The rearward squadrons fled amain,
 Or made but doubtful stay ;— 435
 But when they mark'd the seeming show
 Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,
 The boldest broke array.—
 O give their hapless prince his due !
 In vain the royal Edward threw 440
 His person 'mid the spears,—
 Cried, 'Fight !' to terror and despair,
 Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,
 And cursed their caitiff fears ;
 Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle rein, 445
 And forced him from the fatal plain.
 With them rode Argentine, until
 They gain'd the summit of the hill,

But quitted there the train :—
 ‘In yonder field a gage I left,— 450
 I must not live of fame bereft ;
 I needs must turn again.
 Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace
 The fiery Douglas takes the chase,
 I know his banner well. 455
 God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,
 And many a happier field than this !
 Once more, my Liege, farewell !’

XXXII.

Again he faced the battle-field,—
 Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield. 460
 ‘Now then,’ he said, and couch’d his spear,
 ‘My course is run, the goal is near ;
 One effort more, one brave career,
 Must close this race of mine.’
 Then in his stirrups rising high, 465
 He shouted loud his battle-cry—
 ‘Saint James for Argentine !’
 And, of the bold pursuers, four
 The gallant knight from saddle bore ;
 But not unharm’d—a lance’s point 470
 Has found his breastplate’s loosen’d joint,
 An axe has razed his crest ;
 Yet still on Colonsay’s fierce lord,
 Who press’d the chase with gory sword,
 He rode with spear in rest, 475
 And through his bloody tartans bored,
 And through his gallant breast.
 Nail’d to the earth, the mountaineer
 Yet writhed him up against the spear,

And swung his broadsword round ! 480
—Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way,
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,
The blood gush'd from the wound ;
And the grim Lord of Colonsay
Hath turn'd him on the ground, 485
And laugh'd in death-pang, that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

XXXIII.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done,
To use his conquest boldly won ;
And gave command for horse and spear 490
To press the Southron's scatter'd rear,
Nor let his broken force combine,
—When the war-cry of Argentine
Fell faintly on his ear ;—
'Save, save his life,' he cried, 'O save 495
The kind, the noble, and the brave !'
The squadrons round free passage gave—
The wounded knight drew near ;
He raised his red-cross shield no more,
Helm, cuish, and breastplate stream'd with gore, 500
Yet, as he saw the King advance,
He strove even then to couch his lance—
The effort was in vain !
The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse ;
Wounded and weary, in mid course 505
He stumbled on the plain.
Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to loose ;—
'Lord Earl, the day is thine !
My sovereign's charge, and adverse fate, 510

Have made our meeting all too late :
 Yet this may Argentine,
 As boon from ancient comrade, crave—
 A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave.'

XXXIV.

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp 515
 Kindly replied ; but, in his clasp,
 It stiffen'd and grew cold—

'And, O farewell !' the victor cried,
 'Of chivalry the flower and pride,
 The arm in battle bold, 520
 The courteous mien, the noble race,
 The stainless faith, the manly face !—

Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,
 For late-wake of De Argentine.
 O'er better knight on death-bier laid, 525
 Torch never gleam'd, nor mass was said !'

XXXV.

Nor for De Argentine alone,
 Through Ninian's church these torches shone,
 And rose the death-prayer's awful tone.
 That yellow lustre glimmer'd pale, 530
 On broken plate and bloodied mail,
 Rent crest and shatter'd coronet,
 Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret ;
 And the best names that England knew,
 Claim'd in the death-prayer dismal due. 535

Yet mourn not, Land of Fame !
 Though ne'er the Leopards on thy shield

Retreated from so sad a field,

Since Norman William came.

Oft may thine annals justly boast

540

Of battles stern by Scotland lost ;

Grudge not her victory,

When for her freeborn rights she strove—

Rights dear to all who freedom love,

To none so dear as thee !

545

WALTER SCOTT.

THE ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise!
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet Invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day, 5
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
Bay ;

Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's
isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase. 10
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a
post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ; 15
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the
drums ;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample
space :

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells. 20
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay, 25
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.

'Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter
flowers, fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your
blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her
wide;

Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.' 30

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll
of gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford 35
Bay,

The time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly warflame
spread,

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy
Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire,

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points 40
of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless
caves :

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew :

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of
Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from 45
Bristol town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton
down ;

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red
light.

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence
broke,

And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke. 50

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;

At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice
of fear ;

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder
cheer :

And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurry- 55
ing feet,

And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each
roaring street ;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the
din,

As fast from every village round the horse came spurring
in ;

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike
errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of 60
Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
couriers forth :
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for •
the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang
from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky 65
dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of
Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of
light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately
fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless 70
plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of
Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled
pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle.

*

*

*

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

POOR MATTHIAS.

POOR MATTHIAS!—Found him lying
Fall'n beneath his perch and dying?
Found him stiff, you say, though warm
All convulsed his little form?
Poor canary! many a year 5
Well he knew his mistress dear;
Now in vain you call his name,
Vainly raise his rigid frame,
Vainly warm him in your breast,
Vainly kiss his golden crest, 10
Smooth his ruffled plumage fine,
Touch his trembling beak with wine.
One more gasp—it is the end!
Dead and mute our tiny friend!
—Songster thou of many a year, 15
Now thy mistress brings thee here,
Says, it fits that I rehearse,
Tribute due to thee, a verse,
Meed for daily song of yore
Silent now for evermore. 20

Poor Matthias! Wouldst thou have
More than pity? claim'st a stave?
—Friends more near us than a bird
We dismiss'd without a word.

Rover, with the good brown head,	25
Great Atossa, they are dead ;	
Dead, and neither prose nor rhyme	
Tells the praises of their prime.	
Thou didst know them old and grey,	
Know them in their sad decay.	30
Thou hast seen Atossa sage,	
Sit for hours beside thy cage ;	
Thou wouldst chirp, thou foolish bird,	
Flutter, chirp—she never stirr'd !	
What were now these toys to her ?	35
Down she sank amid her fur ;	
Eyed thee with a soul resign'd—	
And thou deemedst cats were kind !	
—Cruel, but composed and bland,	
Dumb, inscrutable and grand,	40
So Tiberius might have sat,	
Had Tiberius been a cat.	

Rover died—Atossa too.

Less than they to us are you !	
Nearer human were their powers,	45
Closer knit their life with ours.	
Hands had stroked them, which are cold,	
Now for years, in churchyard mould ;	
Comrades of our past were they,	
Of that unreturning day.	50
Changed and aging, they and we	
Dwelt, it seem'd, in sympathy.	
Alway from their presence broke	
Somewhat which remembrance woke	
Of the loved, the lost, the young—	55
Yet they died, and died unsung.	

Geist came next, our little friend ;
 Geist had verse to mourn his end.
 Yes, but that enforcement strong
 Which compell'd for Geist a song— 60
 All that gay courageous cheer,
 All that human pathos dear ;
 Soul-fed eyes with suffering worn,
 Pain heroically borne,
 Faithful love in depth divine— 65
 Poor Matthias, were they thine ?

Max and Kaiser we to-day
 Greet upon the lawn at play ;
 Max a dachshound without blot—
 Kaiser should be, but is not, 70
 Max, with shining yellow coat,
 Prinking ears and dewlap throat—
 Kaiser, with his collie face,
 Penitent for want of race.
 —Which may be the first to die, 75
 Vain to augur, they or I !
 But, as age comes on, I know,
 Poet's fire gets faint and low ;
 If so be that travel they
 First the inevitable way, 80
 Much I doubt if they shall have
 Dirge from me to crown their grave.

Yet, poor bird, thy tiny corse
 Moves me, somehow, to remorse ;
 Something haunts my conscience, brings 85
 Sad, compunctious visitings.
 Other favourites, dwelling here,
 Open lived to us, and near ;

Well we knew when they were glad,
Plain we saw if they were sad, 90
Joy'd with them when they were gay,
Soothed them in their last decay ;
Sympathy could feel and show
Both in weal of theirs and woe.

Birds, companions more unknown, 95
Live beside us, but alone ;
Finding not, do all they can,
Passage from their souls to man.
Kindness we bestow, and praise,
Laud their plumage, greet their lays ; 100
Still, beneath their feather'd breast,
Stirs a history unexpress'd.
Wishes there, and feelings strong,
Incommunicably throng ;
What they want, we cannot guess, 105
Fail to track their deep distress—
Dull look on when death is nigh,
Note no change, and let them die.
Poor Matthias ! couldst thou speak,
What a tale of thy last week ! 110
Every morning did we pay
Stupid salutations gay,
Suited well to health, but how
Mocking, how incongruous now !
Cake we offer'd, sugar, seed, 115
Never doubtful of thy need ;
Praised, perhaps, thy courteous eye,
Praised thy golden livery.
Gravely thou the while, poor dear !
Sat'st upon thy perch to hear, 120

Fixing with a mute regard
 Us, thy human keepers hard,
 Troubling, with our chatter vain,
 Ebb of life, and mortal pain—
 Us, unable to divine 125
 Our companion's dying sign,
 Or o'erpass the severing sea
 Set betwixt ourselves and thee,
 Till the sand thy feathers smirch
 Fallen dying off thy perch ! 130

Was it, as the Grecian sings,
 Birds were born the first of things—
 Before the sun, before the wind,
 Before the gods, before mankind,
 Airy, ante-mundane throng— 135
 Witness their unworldly song !
 Proof they give, too, primal powers,
 Of a prescience more than ours—
 Teach us, while they come and go,
 When to sail, and when to sow. 140
 Cuckoo calling from the hill,
 Swallow skimming by the mill,
 Swallows trooping in the sedge,
 Starlings swirling from the hedge,
 Mark the seasons, map our year, 145
 As they show and disappear.
 But, with all this travail sage
 Brought from that anterior age,
 Goes an unreversed decree
 Whereby strange are they and we ; 150
 Making want of theirs, and plan,
 Indiscernible by man.

No, away with tales like these
Stol'n from Aristophanes!

Does it, if we miss your mind, 155

Prove us so remote in kind?

Birds! we but repeat on you

What amongst ourselves we do.

Somewhat more or somewhat less,

'Tis the same unskilfulness. 160

What you feel escapes our ken—

Know we more our fellow men?

Human suffering at our side,

Ah, like yours is undescried!

Human longings, human fears, 165

Miss our eyes and miss our ears.

Little helping, wounding much,

Dull of heart, and hard of touch,

Brother man's despairing sign

Who may trust us to divine? 170

Who assure us, sundering powers

Stand not 'twixt his soul and ours?

Poor Matthias! See, thy end

What a lesson doth it lend!

For that lesson thou shalt have, 175

Dead canary bird, a stave!

Telling how, one stormy day,

Stress of gale and showers of spray

Drove my daughter small and me

Inland from the rocks and sea. 180

Driv'n inshore, we follow down

Ancient streets of Hastings town—

Slowly thread them—when behold,

French canary-merchant old,

Shepherding his flock of gold 185
 In a low dim-lighted pen
 Scann'd of tramps and fishermen !
 There a bird, high-coloured, fat,
 Proud of port, though something squat—
 Pursy, play'd-out Philistine— 190
 Dazzled Nelly's youthful eyne.
 But, far in, obscure, there stirr'd
 On his perch a sprightlier bird,
 Courteous-eyed, erect and slim ;
 And I whisper'd : ' Fix on *him* ! ' 195
 Home we brought him, young and fair,
 Songs to trill in Surrey air.
 Here Matthias sang his fill,
 Saw the cedars of Pains Hill ;
 Here he pour'd his little soul, 200
 Heard the murmur of the Mole.
 Eight in number now the years
 He hath pleased our eyes and ears ;
 Other favourites he hath known
 Go, and now himself is gone. 205
 —Fare thee well, companion dear !
 Fare for ever well, nor fear,
 Tiny though thou art, to stray
 Down the uncompanion'd way !
 We without thee, little friend, 210
 Many years have not to spend ;
 What are left, will hardly be
 Better than we spent with thee.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

